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THE HAUNTED WOOD: THE NEED OF OUR LITTLE CHILDREN: BY CONINGSBY DAWSON



ROWN people have a knack of explaining and yet not telling. They try to remove the question-marks from life and to revise God's punctuation. We boast that the nineteenth century produced more scientific erasers, who rubbed out more romantic queries from the universe, than any previous century. Well, and should we boast about it? I think God intended His interrogations; that He put them there to keep the beanstalk-ladder of the imagination growing, by which fairy-believing people clamber out of earth and gain a peep of heaven.

Fairy-believing people! All children come under that category; they ought to if they don't. Fairy-believing people can arise from their beds a hundred thousand mornings and still find the world a sublime guess. No amount of travel along the rutted lanes of convention can take their illusions from them. All along the road, and especially behind them and ahead, the question-marks bristle like trees of a forest. They form a kind of haunted wood, which God has planted along life's highways, to keep His explorers intrigued and hoping.

"Still we say as we go,
Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That we shall know some day."

But children of today are encouraged to believe that there is no haunted wood, no unknowable country—that the journey from birth to death can encompass everything. We send them forth on their quests in graded gangs, like personally conducted tourists, with textbooks held in their podgy little fingers, and skilled guides to rush them from city to city of barren facts, never allowing them time to wander the country where the unpurchasable magic of birds' songs, flowers and dreamy villages is found. They are compelled to be up early to catch trains, not to see the dew of the morning. They are instructed in what they should admire, and are never permitted to waste a second in watching bubble-fancies float and break in the sunshine. Why, if the sun shines too hotly, in our busy kindness

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we make them dull their sight with tinted spectacles. We trot them so fast and so far, in directions which are chosen for them, that they lose all sense of personal enterprise and adventure. They learn nothing of their own selection—and it is only the knowledge which we gather for the joy of the gathering that is valuable. So incessant is the improving chatter of the wise paid people who accompany them that the babbling of brooks in meadows, the soprano cry from hedges, and the big bass voice of sunsets is drowned. Our children are forced to listen to so many things that they feel nothing; they have thrust upon them the husks of a splendor from which the soul has been extracted.

Poor tired little heads, we are so anxious to make you sage after our own fashion—we give you no time to remember! Weary little feet, you stumble on the hillsides; we have made the pavements your province. Narrow stooped shoulders, bent over lesson-books while the electric light burns furiously, don't you know that the quiet freedom of the stars is shining overhead? God walks by you unobserved. Angels rustle in the bushes; when you question, we give you scientific lectures on why the wind blows and what keeps it blowing. We won't allow you to be the poets that God made you. We shut you up in houses; we're so afraid that you'll grow idle and fail in life's struggle if you watch the sailing of the clouds.

WHEN I was little, I think I must have been lucky. I lived in a gray Scotch city, paved with cobblestones and built of granite. It was cold, and barriered, and draughty. For nine months in the year I used to be turned into a crescent-garden, with tall palings all round and a gate, too high to clamber over, to which my parents had a key. I used to be taken there, locked in and left. I can remember the taste of a shrub called Bread-and-Butter—it was hopelessly sooty. But that wasn't why I was lucky. There were three more months in every year to be accounted for—and these I spent in the Haunted Woods. Yes, literally.

Within a few hours' journey of Glasgow there is a fold in the hills where long ago, it is said, the fairies of Scotland held their leafy republic. On the outskirts of the republic was a farm—it may be there now—and that was the headquarters of my adventures. Past the door ran a sleepy little river that sang to itself softly, "Follow, Follow, Follow." It entered the Woods of Duneira; the country-folk told me that there were rings along its banks, trodden out by fairies dancing in the moonlight. They said that if a boy fell asleep inside a ring, the fairies would claim him. They had all kinds of

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strange legends of boys and girls who had entered its shadows and never returned—of the palaces they lived in now, all hidden under fern, and how, if you sat very quietly with your ear against the ground, you could hear them laughing above the murmur of the river.

My ears hadn't been stuffed with school-book lessons, so I thought I heard them. Birds skimming from branches and rabbits popping out from the bracken, were enchanted persons. I hoped with a fearful expectancy that the fairies would come and fetch me. That never happened. At the end of the three months I was jolted back to the granite city, where bread had to be earned. But I remembered, and waited for the next holiday to come round. The memory kept my imagination growing.

The Haunted Wood! For me it was everywhere. I found it in the crescent-garden. It kept me believing all things, enduring all things, hoping all things. It lent the touch of distance to curtailment.

LIFE is boundaried at its beginning and its ending by a haunted wood. When children emerge from its leaves, we call it Birth; when they reënter, never to return, we call it Death. Between the two lies the metropolis of competitive endeavor. Our modern system of education, founded on adult despotism, is a hard macadam highway, built not for individuals but crowds. We have made a law that all must tread it. On ahead, like a monstrous wart on the horizon, is the city of failure and success. Sign-posts along the road urge our children to make more speed in getting to it; policeman moralists stand guard over fields and hedges to drive them forward and prevent them from scampering. By the time they reach the city's outer walls, in the first flush of manhood or womanhood, they are either intimidated or their mysticism is dead. They enter hard-eyed or brow-beaten.

Modern education has made youth a fugitive and romance a clown in a circus. Whatever has to be taken on faith is a superstition and a sham. Since the past can never be witnessed by the present, this makes the entire record of human idealism an incredible legend. Guide-book facts, with a direct commercial value, are the only kind of knowledge worth acquiring. We are converting our children into creatures a little lower than the animals. Animals at least have their instincts. The migratory bird hopes for a promised land that crouches somewhere beneath the weight of sunsets. It spreads its wings in the faith that, beyond the horizon, the same hand that made it has provided food and materials for a nest.

Few children of today have such faith as that. Directly they begin to reason, they are instructed to fear. The competitive system

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under which they are educated is a mimic war for bread. They are taught that the sole purpose of their being is to excel. In the struggle they have no time to be young—no hours for dreaming, in which to fortify their optimism against the shock of disillusion. Every child is a poet at birth, and therefore an individualist; but modern education regards diversion from type as abnormality, and poetry as the least profitable of all diversions.

Height may be made to impress one with horror or majesty, according as it is interpreted. It is the horror of living which is implicitly emphasized by competition in education. We put our children into intellectual expresses, and think that we have done our duty when we have despatched them post-haste to our cities of ambition. The haunted woods rush by them, blurred by the speed and smoke-bespattered. "Success is the Lord thy God, thou shalt have no other gods before me." Honorable failure is a shrine before which it is blasphemy to worship. Sex is an evil, because it deters from selfish concentration. Our youth of today have observed that to have children of their own is costly. The result of all this is that our young men are either judicious "rips" or passionless, and that our young women are nuns who have taken the perpetual vow of playing safe at some one else's expense. The talent of sex is buried in a napkin, and youth, fashioned to follow forlorn opportunities, has turned usurer. Our spendthrifts are among our old and middle-aged, who have come to dread the joylessness of death.

THE man who lives in cities measures distances by yards instead of miles, and becomes short-sighted. It is the law of life that each man must go outside of crowds to die alone in the wide spaces. When he has curtailed his vision in the struggle for immediate possessions, vastness is terrifying. He had thought that he had become so certain, that he had staked out the future and denied Eternity by drawing down the blinds before his windows. Now, in the wide spaces, he finds that the stars are still shining and that God's question-marks still rise tall and plumed, like trees, against the clouds. The haunted wood, from which he fled as a child, confronts him. With all his getting and spending, he has explained nothing.

For him it is too late, but the little children ——! In this age, as in all the ages, when no one is watching, they creep back to play with the fairies and to listen to the angels' footsteps. As the road of their journey lengthens, they will return more rarely. Remembering less and less, they will build themselves fortresses of imperative desire. But at night, if no one blinds their eyes, they will see

A NEW SPINNING SONG

the woods come marching to their walls, tall trees moving silently as clouds and little trees treading softly. The green host halts and calls—in the voice of poetry, memory, religion, legend or, as the Greeks put it, in the faint pipes and stampeding feet of Pan.

We have all heard it. Out of fear of ridicule we do not talk about it. We shall all revisit the wood again when sleep, or the dream of death, has claimed us. So why deny it to our children? Why persuade our youth that it is not there?

A NEW SPINNING SONG

THE fillet needs another pearl, the hand another ring,
Turn, wheels, turn, dusk in the red young sun!
What are little hearts that leap or little lips that sing?

Whirl, wheels, and turn, whirl till our whim is won!
Flesh and blood and dusky eyes, childish hearts and gay,
These shall turn the wheels for us, and wither through the day—
Turn, wheels, turn, dusk in the red young sun!

The pinnacle needs a swifter wing, the fortress needs a tower,
Turn, wheels, turn, bleak in the aching noon!
What if all the woods are green and all the fields in flower?
Whirl, wheels, and turn, stilling the youth-time soon:
Children's strength and children's lives are fuel that we burn,
More shall come when these are gone to make our great wheels turn—
Turn, wheels, turn, bleak in the aching noon!

Leisure-time and mirth are dear, flesh and blood are cheap—
Turn, wheels, turn, black in the hopeless night!
What if children break or die the morns we smile in sleep?
Whirl, wheels, and turn, over the hearts once light,
Spinning youth to gold for us, spinning life for bread,
Spinning hope and strength and breath along the endless thread—
Turn, wheels, turn, black in the hopeless night!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.



BRINGING THE
WOODS TO THE
GARDEN: RHODO-
DENDRONS AND
AZALEAS AS A
HELP IN DEVEL-
OPING LANDSCAPE

GARDEN PICTURES: BY ALICE
LOUNSBERRY

OF all evergreen shrubs, the stately rhododendron is the most useful to the garden builder; and its companion, smaller and more spirituelle, is the useful, fragrant azalea. But so strongly are they both endowed with beauty that their usefulness is not always appreciated to its utmost in the planting of home grounds and gardens. In truly artistic fashion, these shrubs hide their service to mankind, while subtly flattering, with their bloom, the senses and delighting the eyes of the world. Among plant creations, however, usefulness in horticulture and great beauty are not always combined, and for this reason shrubs holding in the balance both of these virtues are apt to make an appeal which increases in force with the advancement of knowledge.

Indeed, as a growing comprehension of Nature has spread over the country, her intimacy has been sought, and the desire manifested to live closely to her, to pursue and capture her, and to so control her wild moods that she will dwell contentedly by our doorstep instead of retreating farther into her native haunts before the tread of civilization. In her subjugation, many of her eccentricities have disappeared, and when they have been found altogether difficult to control, they have been wisely overlooked. Much has been demanded of her, and hence much forgiven.

No wild growth has shown a greater friendliness to man than the rhododendrons and azaleas, originally designed by Nature to cover her mountain slopes, to mark paths through her forests, and to adorn her woodland and swamp borders with incomparable grace. Under Nature's guidance, these shrubs attain a quality of beauty which challenges both heart and mind, and man, the explorer, has happily visited and brought away from the wild these wonderful plants, finding that with proper skill in their care and development they will thrive as well under cultivation as in their native haunts.

Comparatively a few years ago, the men who built houses in

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America, whether large or small, expended the money on the house proper and the outbuildings, and trusted to a later day and some unusual inspiration to put them into the humor of improving their immediate landscape. Today, a higher and more serious conception of the garden has developed. Even the builder of the most modest country place sets aside, if under wise guidance, at least ten per cent. of the proposed total outlay for embellishment of the surface of the earth by which he is intimately surrounded. Often the landscape plans are prepared before those of the house, and the adaptability of the ground to architectural treatment is a point in its purchase.

Each year an increasing number of people are longing for country life, and with fulfilment of the wish comes also the desire to keep the earth, which they must look upon in the winter, from losing all beauty and friendliness. Broad-leaved evergreens as well as conifers, without which the landscape is shorn of its most exalted characteristic, have come, in line with these considerations, to hold an undisputed place in the winter kingdom. The rhododendrons, evergreen throughout the year, might also inspire in their season of bloom the words once applied to the lily that "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

The native rhododendrons, gems in the crown of America's flora, are the well-known *maximum* and the *catawbiense*; the former is white, and, as it grows wild and untrammelled in the mountainous regions of the Alleghenies, it appears to blend with the cool, crisp atmosphere of the mountain tops and to develop there a chaste and radiant spirit.



THESE BLOSSOMS OF THE AZALEA ARE AS DELICATE IN COLORING AS THEY ARE IN FORM.

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The *catawbiense* which unfolds, a month earlier in the season, a lilac-purple bloom turns as it fades to a peculiar shade of roan, which fact has given name to the Roan Mountain, where it spreads in veritable jungles along the high summits following the ridges. *Rhododendron maximum*, which attains of itself a greater height, grows at a lower altitude; where these shrubs turn the mountains into vast bouquets, the *maximum* attains a height of thirty-five or forty feet. In general cultivation, however, it rarely stands higher than six feet, contributing, nevertheless, as no other shrub, to the richness and stateliness of the landscape. Planted in a strip of woodland near the home, the *maximum* has the power to cheer with its broad-leaved evergreenness, and to compel wonder with its glorious bloom.

BESIDES the native species of rhododendrons, the English hybrids have come to play a conspicuous part in all landscape and garden work, many believing them to be the best for regular planting, lawn groups and borders near the house. The native species are set apart for naturalistic work. In general, the English hybrids produce globelike, remarkable trusses of bloom, opening at different times from May to June, and ranging in color from white to crimson. Choice in selecting them is purely a matter of individual taste. Among the named varieties, hybrids of *Rhododendron ponticum* and the *catawbiense* are the *everestianum*, *delicatissimum*, *caractacus*, *C. S. Sargent*, *Charles Dickens*, *gloriosa*, *album elegans*, *roseum superbum* and others enchanting in their respective ways. In a group of rhododendrons showing different varieties of these hybrids, the bloom of certain ones will be found to succeed that of others over a considerable time. Very generally have they been accepted in landscape work as background plants, their chosen companions, the azaleas being placed immediately in the foreground.

Rhododendrons are not altogether easy to transplant, nor will they thrive in places lacking in shade, a somewhat moist atmosphere, and a bed deeply and richly made. Furthermore they like an open and well-drained soil, supplemented largely with peat and leaf mold. Much lime in the soil is distinctly to their disadvantage. The fatality that frequently overtakes rhododendrons and their piquant companions, the azaleas, is that their fibrous roots are allowed to dry out during either the summer heat or the process of transplanting. In cases where water cannot be supplied readily, a mulch of leaves or grass cuttings from the lawn helps to keep them moist during the danger period of summer, likewise to counteract the evil effects of alternate thawing and freezing which takes place in winter. The heath tribe, to which both rhododendrons and azaleas belong, is as

MRS. MILNER, AS THIS ONE OF THE HYBRID RHODODENDRONS IS CALLED, PRODUCES FULL, IMPRESSIVE BUNCHES OF STAR-SHAPED FLOWERS, LOVELY IN COLOR AND SHADING.



RHODODENDRON EVERESTIANUM, THE BEST KNOWN OF THE HYBRIDS: EXQUISITE ROSE LILAC IN COLOR AND WITH PETALS NOTICEABLY SPOTTED AND FLUTED.



Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

AZALEA MOLLIS, THE JAPANESE THAT HAS BECOME THE MOST CONSPICUOUS OF ALL SPRING FLOWERING SHRUBS, ITS LARGE FLOWERS SHOWING EVERY VIVID TINT FOUND IN A MOUNTING FLAME.



THE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS A FULL AND SOMEWHAT NATURALISTIC PLANTING OF AZALEA VISCOCOPHALA. WHEREIN ITS DESIRABILITY AS A COMPANION TO THE RHODODENDRON CAN CLEARLY BE SEEN: THE EFFECT OF NATURE'S OWN PLANTING OF HER MOUNTAIN-SIDES IS CLEVERLY SUSTAINED HERE, THE EMPTY SPACES OF CLEAR GREEN LAWN FURNISHING RICH CONTRAST.

A NEARER VIEW OF THE AZALEA PLANTED SO AS TO CLOSELY COVER THE EARTH AND FORM A GLOWING FRINGE FOR THE TALL TREES: SUGGESTING THE WILDNESS OF THE WOODS SO DESIRED IN MOUNTAINOUS GARDENS.



Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

RHODODENDRONS PLANTED MASSIVELY, FOLLOWING THE GREEN CURVES IN A SLOPING LAWN, THE INTERVENING SPACE WINDING BETWEEN LIKE A GENTLE STREAM: IN ALL PLANTING OF HILLSIDES WITH MASSES OF FLOWERY SHRUBS, A STRETCH OF UNADORNED LAWN IN CLOSE PROXIMITY NOT ONLY GIVES CONTRAST BUT TOUCHES THE IMAGINATION.



PERISTYLE AND PERGOLA BOXES THAT ARE BROUGHT DOWN TO THE GROUND BY RHODODENDRONS WHICH RETAIN FOR THIS DWELLING THE CHEER OF GREENNESS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR: THIS MASSING OF SHRUBS NOT ONLY GIVES BEAUTY TO THE GARDEN OUTLINE BUT FURNISHES SECLUSION FOR THE PERGOLA SITTING ROOM.

Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

THE RHODODENDRON PICTURE AT THE RIGHT IS THE BOULE DE NEIGE : AS ITS NAME IMPLIES, IT IS A HYBRID WITH HEADS OF BLOOM AS ROUND AND WHITE AS SNOWBALLS.



RHODODENDRON CARACTACUS SHOWN ABOVE IS VALUABLE TO GIVE THE ACCENT OF DARK, PURPLE CRIMSON WHERE THE GENERAL PLANTING IS MOSTLY FLOWERS OF LIGHTER SHADES.



*Photographs
by
Nathan R. Graves.*

A LOVELY HYBRID SHOWING MANY DISTINCT AND WORTHY CHARACTERISTICS: ONE HOWEVER, LIKE MANY OTHER OF THE ENGLISH IMPORTATIONS, STILL TO BE GIVEN AN APPROPRIATE NAME.

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dependent upon careful mulching as are its relatives, the roses. In the lee of tall trees where these shrubs grow naturally, their foliage is protected from the winter sun, and their roots are kept snug and warm. In planting them about the foundations of houses, Nature's hint should be taken to set them where some neighbor can cast over them a certain amount of shade.

Strikingly beautiful as are the rhododendrons, they should not be planted haphazard just for the pleasure of having them. As lawn features, background plants and garden groups, they have a distinct use, also in the rock garden, provided it is shielded from the wind by conifers or other trees. Here often they act as intermediate growth between the trees and the smaller plants. Again rhododendrons are unexcelled for informal evergreen hedges. But in or near water gardens, they are usually a mistake; neither do they look well in small, set-apart places like islands. Their need is rather to be planted so that they will appear to be in the natural scheme of the landscape, not to be set like single plants with pretty flowers to be picked.

From Nature, the lesson has been learned of using azaleas as foreground plants for rhododendrons; for these powerful shrubs grow high, branching from the main stem outward into a rounded crown, but leaving the earth showing at the base. The condition is one that needs to be remedied therefore by the planting of smaller growth which carries out the effect of a mass of green extending from the tops of the rhododendrons downward to the earth.

THE azaleas are not, as is often thought, evergreens, and for this reason they sometimes give place to the lovely laurel, another of America's choicest productions. Nevertheless, with the exception only of lack of winter foliage, everything works well in planting rhododendrons and azaleas together; not only because the azaleas, being smaller, help to shade off the others' rugged outlines, and to carry them downward; but because of the harmonious effect of their respective blooms. The rhododendron flowers, large, complex and very striking are in truth perfected by the presence of the azaleas' offerings, delicate, simple and brilliantly hued. The smaller plants are also the more hardy, and must provide the entire bloom for the oncoming season should their strong-looking companions succumb to climatic changes or the scorching of the winter sun. The harmony existing between these plants is, in truth, largely responsible for their popularity.

Mostly they look best when in a place where the eye looks either down upon them or else upward. When on a level, they lose somewhat in effect. No matter where employed, they are not suitable for

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light and careless treatment; but rather to form strong characteristic groups producing architectural effects about the home grounds. Many foundations of houses are softened in outline by a judicious use of these shrubs, and such other evergreens as laurels, mahonias and *Daphne cneorum* are set in among them. The latter serves as a border plant as does *Azalea amæna*, the smallest member of its family and the only one that is evergreen.

The great value of this little shrub is not perhaps generally known. For a low, compact border, it is as adaptable as box, and in its period of bloom it is so crowded with masses of claret-colored flowers that its foliage cannot be seen. In the late autumn as well, its foliage glows with many winelike tones of red, intermingled with those of bronze and green. Among dwarf border plants, none other is so alive with color. It is strong in tone, however, and cannot be used with plants of antagonistic hues.

One planting of rhododendrons and azaleas that has proved particularly attractive shows the English hybrid rhododendrons in the background well up against the stone foundation of a house; in front of them are azaleas in variety, the remarkable little *amæna* being used as the border plant. Then interspersed wherever possible are numbers of begonias bearing large, single flowers colored in maize, and looking as if made of wax. This bit of foundation planting is thus enlivened with bloom from early summer until late in the autumn, and during the rest of the year it furnishes a bank of green foliage indicative of vigor and life. The bare twigs and branches of the large azaleas have not here an unseemly air when with the first touch of frost they shed their leaves; simply they give point to the Japanese idea of presenting bare twigs or those that are dead with the most sumptuous of floral arrangements, the thought being that the fulness of life is accentuated by the contrast.

The native azaleas, *nudiflora* and *viscosa*, the former opening in May, the latter in July, have about them all the charm of the open country, and are therefore greatly to be desired for naturalistic planting. The *viscosa* with its white flowers is also to be remembered as doing well near water.

THE Ghent, of hybrid American azaleas, is probably more generally known than the native species, and has lent itself to infinite variety and many decorative purposes both for the interior of the house and the garden. It is, however, *Azalea mollis*, the Japanese, that now gives in cultivation the most startling beauty of the early spring. In appearance, it is very similar to *Azalea lutea*, a native of the southern mountains, and, like it, sends forth large

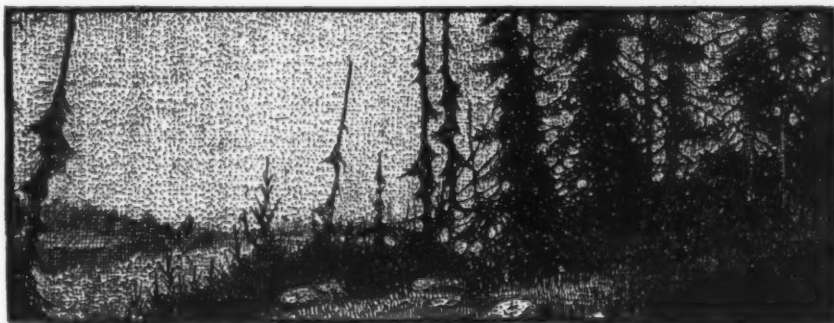
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flowers with an extraordinary range of color, beginning with lemon yellow and reaching, as the climax, flame color and crimson. Indeed no planting ground fully lends a hand to the endeavors of spring unless it includes this fiery, vivacious shrub.

The Carolina azalea, *Azalea vaseyi* with its flowers an inch and a half across, and of purest pink, is another variety not to be passed by, since it is very beautiful, although not in such an undeniable and striking way as the Japanese introduction.

The amateur in planting the home grounds is often prone to think too little about the differences in characteristics which exist between plants of the same family. He buys rhododendrons just because they are rhododendrons, without thought to the individual color of their bloom, the length of its duration or whether or no it will harmonize well with its permanent surroundings. It may be that he has fallen under the spell of the *Rhododendron maximum*, the rose bay and its wonderful white flowers delicately tinted and spotted. He buys, through lack of knowledge, the *catawbiense*, and succumbs to regret when its flowers unfold in lilac-purple a month earlier than he had expected them. The principles underlying his purchase should have been color, worth, desirability of time and duration of bloom; furthermore, he must work for permanency, that the plants may secure to the landscape pictures that will no more pass away than the trees and the hillsides.

For only through knowledge and applied skill has the earth been drawn nearer each year to the home, and made a place of healthful living. Like the Roman of old, the aspiring American has found that many of the home comforts pursued so widely and assiduously are really sweetly embodied in the practical scheme of living in the midst of a garden.



WAITING FOR THE WILD GOOSE: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT



BEFORE the zest is utterly drained by the popular din from the word *efficiency*, let us be reminded that the good old word originally had to do with workmanship and not with dollar-piling. . . . The world is crowded with bad workmen; a good half of its misery and cruelty is the result of bad workmanship. For a man builds his character in his work; and through character alone is the stamina furnished to withstand with dignity the heavy pressures of life.

. . . I arranged with a neighbor to do some work for me. In fact, he asked for the work, and promised to come the following Tuesday. He did not appear. Toward the end of the week following, I passed him on the lane that leads down to the lake—a tall tired man, sitting beside a huge stone, his back against a Lombardy poplar, a shotgun across his knees.

"I thought I'd wait here, and see if I couldn't hit one of them geese," he explained, as I came up.

It seemed I had never seen such a tired face. His eyes were burning like the eyes of a sentry, long unrelieved, at the outpost of a city. . . . The geese ride at mooring out in the lake at night. I have fallen asleep listening to their talk from afar in the dark; but I have never seen them fly overland before sunset, which was two hours away as I passed up the lane. I do not know how long Mack had been sitting there.

Now except for the triviality of the promise, I had no objection to his not working for me, and no objection to his feeding his family, thus first-handed, though very little breast of the game wild goose comes to the board of such as he. . . . I was on the way to the forge of a workman. I wanted a knocker for an oak door, and I wanted it just so. Moreover, I knew the man who would make it for me.

At the head of the lane, still on the way, I met a farmer, who had not missed the figure propped between the stone and the poplar tree. He said that the last time Mack had borrowed his gun, he had brought it back fouled. That was all he said.

I passed Mack's house which is the shocking depression of a prosperous community. There were many children—a stilled and staring lot. They sat in dust upon the ground. They were not waiting for goose. Their father had never inspired them with expectancy of any sort; their mother would have spoiled a goose had it been brought by a neighbor. She came to the door as I passed, spilled kitchen refuse over the edge of the door-stone, and vanished. The children

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seemed waiting for death. The virtue of fatherhood is not to be measured numerically. . . . April was nearly over, but the unsightly heaps that the snows had covered were not yet cleared away. Humped, they were, among the children. This is a world-old picture—one that need not be finished.

Mack was not a good shot, not a good workman, not a good father—a burden and bad odor everywhere, a taint of the town and the blood of the human race. That which was gathered about him was as pitifully bred as reared. Mack's one value lay in his horrible exemplarship. He was a complete slum microcosm, without which no civilization has yet arrived. Mack has given me more to think about than any of the happier people. In his own mute way, he reminds each man of the depths, furnishes the low mark of the human sweep, and keeps us from forgetting the world as it is, the myriads of bad workmen of which the leaning cities are made.

SITTING there by the rock, letting the hours go by—and in his own weak heart, my neighbor knew that he wouldn't "hit one of them geese." All his life he had failed. Nature had long since ceased trying to tempt him into real production. Even his series of natural accidents was doubtless exhausted. *That is the pace that kills—that sitting.*

I went on to the shop of the workman. We talked together. I sat by while he made the thing I wanted, which was not an ornament simply. He will always be identified there in the oak, an excellent influence; just as I think of him when I save the wood in the open fireplace, because of the perfect damper he made for the stone chimney. Mack was still there, when I went back, and the problem of him returned to mind, after the freshening of the forge.

He belongs to us as a people, and we have not done well by him. We did not help him to find his work. We did not consider his slowness, nor the weariness of his flesh, the sickness he came with, nor the impoverishment of his line. We are not finding their work for his children. We have sent them home from school because they were not clean. We complain that they waste what we give them; that they are harder on the shoes we furnish, than are our own children. We do not inquire with wisdom into their life, to learn on which side of the human meridian they stand—whether their disease is decadence and senility of spiritual life, or whether their spines are but freshly lifted from the animal levels.

As a purely physical aggregate—if our civilization be that—our business is quickly to exterminate Mack and his whole breed. He embarrasses us, as sleeker individuals of the herd and hive. He is

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tolerated to the diseases with which he infects us, because we have weakened our resistance with cleanliness. But by the authority of our better understanding, by our sacred writings and the intuitions of our souls, we are men and no longer an animal aggregate. As men, our business is to lift Mack from his lowly state, and hold him; to make him and his children well first, and then to make workmen of them. There are workmen in the world for this very task of lifting Mack and his brood. We do not use them, because the national instinct of Fatherhood is not yet profoundly developed. We are not yet brothers.

IN the recent winter months, it came to me that I had certain things to tell a group of young men. The class was arranged. In the beginning, I warned them not to expect literary matters; that I meant to offer no plan to reach the short-story markets (a game always rather deep for me); that the things which I wanted to tell were those which had helped me toward being a man, not an artist. Fifteen young men were gathered—all strangers to me. When we were really acquainted, weeks afterward, I discovered that seven of the fifteen had been writing for months or years—that there was certain stuff in the seven that would write or die.

They had not come for what I meant to give. As a whole, they were indifferent at first to my idea of the inner fire. They had come for the gleanings I would drop, because I could not help it, having spent twenty years learning how to learn to write. The name that had called them from the different parts of the city, was identified for good or bad in their minds, with the work they meant to do. And what I did for them was done as a workman—that was my authority—a workman, a little older, a little farther along in the craft that called.

And to every workman there are eager apprentices, who hunger to know, not his way, but *the way*. Every workman who does the best he can, has a store of value for the younger ones, who are drawn, they know not why, to the production he represents. Moreover, the workman would learn more than he could give, but he is not called. He seldom offers himself, because the laugh of the world has already maimed him deeply. . . . I had told them austere what I would do for them, and what I would not do; but I did more and more what they really asked, for therein and not elsewhere I had a certain authority. More and more accurately I learned to furnish what they came for. All my work in the study alone was but to do just that for a larger class; and, in this effort, I stumbled upon the very heart of the fatherhood ideal and the education ideal—for they are one and the same.

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A man is at his best in those periods in which self-interest is lost to him. The work in which a man can lose the sense of self for the most hours each day—that is his especial task. When the workman gives forth the best that is in him, not feeling his body, above all its passions and petty devices for ruling him, concentrated upon the task, a pure instrument of his task and open to all inspiration regarding it—that man is safe and superb. There is something holy in the crafts and the arts. It is not an accident that a painting lives three hundred years. We are not permitted to forget the great potters, the great metallists, the rug and tapestry makers. They put themselves into their tasks, and we are very long in coming to the end of their fineness.

They produced. They made their dreams come true in matter; and that is exactly what our immortal selves are given flesh to perform. Each workman finds in his own way the secret of the force he represents. He is an illuminated soul in this discovery. It comes only to a man when he is giving forth, when he is in love, having lost the love of self. Giving forth purely the best of self, as the great workmen do, a man is on the highway to the divine vocation which is the love and service of humanity.

THEY begin to call him twenty minutes before dinner is ready. He is caught in the dream of the thing, and has little time to bargain for it. He feels for his glasses, when you call him forth; he sweats; he listens to the forge that calls him. The unfinished thing is not only on his bench, but in his mind—in its weakness, half-born and uncouth. . . . "Talk to my daughter. She knows about these things," he says. "I must go. . . . Yes, it is a fine day."

It is raining, like as not. . . . And, because the world has laughed at him so long, he has forgotten how to tell his story by the time he has perfected his task. The world laughs at its betters with the same facility that it laughs at the half-men. Our national and municipal fathers should teach us first that the man who has found his work is one of the kings of the earth. Children should be taught to know a workman anywhere. All excellence in human affairs should be judged by the workmanship and not by the profits.

We are neighborhoods in name only. How often has our scorn for some strange little man changed to excited appreciation, when the world came at last to his shop with its sanctions of money and noisy affairs. He is nervous and ill at ease. His world has ceased to laugh. He wonders at that; asks himself if this praise and show is not a new kind of laughter, for he cannot forget the grinding and the rending of the early years—when there were days in which he doubted

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even his work. Perhaps his has been a divided house all these years; it may be that he lost even Her for his work.

The world has left him richer, but he is not changed, and back to the shop again. A man's work lives with him to the end—and beyond—that is the eternal reason of its importance. . . . All quandaries cease; all doubts sink into the silence; the task assumes once more; his real life is awake; the heart of reality throbs for him, adjusting the workman to an identity which cannot grow old.

He may not know this miracle of fine workmanship. This that has come to him from the years of truth may not be a possible expression from his lips, but he knows in his heart one of the highest truths of here below: That nothing which the world can give is payment for fine workmanship; that the world is never so vulgar as when it thinks it can pay in money for a life's task.

It is not the product that men use that holds the immortal result. They may come to his shop fifty years after he has left it; they may cross seas and continents to reach this shop, saying: "This is where he did it. His bench was just there—his house over yonder. Here is where he stood, and there he hung his coat." But these are only the refinements of irony. . . . They may say: "This is his grandson." But that will only handicap or ruin the child, if he find not *his* work. A thousand lesser workmen may improve his product, lighten it, accelerate its potency, adapt it to freight rates—but that is no concern of the dream.

THE payment of it all, the glory of it all, is that the *real workman finds himself*. His soul has awakened. In the trance of his task, he has lost the love of self which the world knows, and found the blessedness of the source of his being. He does not need to state it philosophically, for he lived it. He found the secret of blessedness, if not of happiness. At his bench, he integrated the life that lasts. He could have told you in the early years, if the world had not laughed. He would have learned himself more swiftly, had he been encouraged to tell, as he toiled—if the world had not shamed away the few who were drawn to his bench.

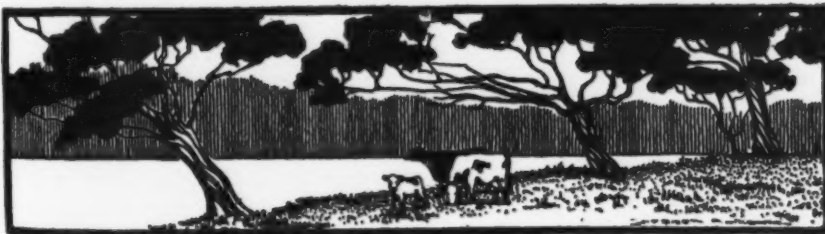
But alone, he got it all at last—the passion and the power of the spiritual workman which sustains him now, though his body has lain under the hill for fifty years. His shop is the place of a greater transaction than his task. The breath and essence of it that lingers makes it a sacred place to the few who would take off their shoes to enter—were it not for the misunderstanding of the world.

Out of the artificial, he became natural; out of the workman, he emerged a man, a living soul.

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I would support every plan or dream of education, and none other, that seeks to find for the youth, his life work. I would call upon every workman personally to help; and urge for every community, the goodness of its products and not the richness of its markets. I would put the world's premium upon fine workmanship of the hand or brain or spirit; and a stiff pressure upon the multiplication of these products by mechanical means, for we have too many common things, and so few fine things. I would inculcate in the educational ideal first of all that in every man there is a dream, just as there is a soul, and that *to express the dream and the soul in matter* is the perfect individual performance. I would impress upon the youth that in all arts and crafts, the dream fades and the spirit of the product dies away, when many are made in the original likeness. Nature does not make duplicates; her creative hall-mark is upon every leaf and bee; upon every cliff and cloud and star.

I would not endow the young workman while he is learning his trade or art; but I would have the State intensely watchful of him, and impassioned with parental conviction that her greatness is inseparable with his possibilities of achievement. I would not make his ways short, but despise and crush all evidences of facility. I would keep him plain and lean and fit, and make him earn his peace. All fine work comes from the cultivation of the self, not from cultivated environment. . . . I dreamed for twenty years of a silent room and an open wood fire. I shall never cease to wonder at the marvel of it, now that it has come. It is so tonight alone in the stillness. The years of struggle to produce in the midst of din and distraction, while it wore as much as the work itself, was helpful to bring the concentration which every decent task demands, and in the thrill of which a man grows in reality, and not otherwise.



THE HUMBLE ANNALS OF A BACKYARD: "MORNING CHAPEL:" BY WALTER A. DYER



AM not one of those garden enthusiasts who arise at beauty-sleep time and go out to work feverishly with trowel and hoe for an hour or two before breakfast. For one thing, waking up is a long and solemn rite with me, not to be hurried through thoughtlessly. If I get down by the time the coffee percolator is bubbling I feel quite sufficiently virtuous. And though I pride myself on being a conscientious gardener, I take my garden pleasures calmly and at such times as circumstances grant me leisure. I do not hotly pursue joy in my garden; I jog along comfortably with it.

But if by some lucky chance I beat the coffee percolator by five or ten minutes, I do enjoy a tour of the backyard while the dew is on the grass—a brief but unhurried tour of critical observation not unmixed with a sort of morning adoration. It seems to start the day.

In college days we were most of us opposed to compulsory worship on general principles, and yet I know that if a poll had been taken of the undergraduates, there would have been an overwhelming majority in favor of morning chapel. It was a traditional exercise that we would not have wanted to abolish if we could. Not that we felt the need so much of a daily religious service; morning chapel was rather a social observance. It got us together as a college; the ties were knit closer; the day was started as it should be in such a community.

And so now I like to foregather with my tomatoes and my beans, my Shirley poppies and my roses, before they and I actually buckle down to the day's work that is appointed to us.

Already the shadows are shortening and the sun is pouring his vitalizing beams upon all the growing things. The robins that seem to have a nest high up in our ridiculous old pear tree are singing joyfully because the weather is what it is, and a kindly mortal has spread before them a feast of worms.

There are prayers said in this morning chapel. Here is a row of seedlings praying for water; there is a groaning dahlia praying for a stake. But for the most part there is a hymn or two of praise and then a gay commingling in social intercourse; and if there is a mild undercurrent of worshipful intent, that is all the religion I and the garden seem to require.

OUR backyard is small; the garden is Lilliputian. And yet within its modest boundaries I can always find more joyful surprises in my short perambulation than a day in the whirling city can offer me. Never a morning, between frost and frost,

"MORNING CHAPEL" IN THE GARDEN

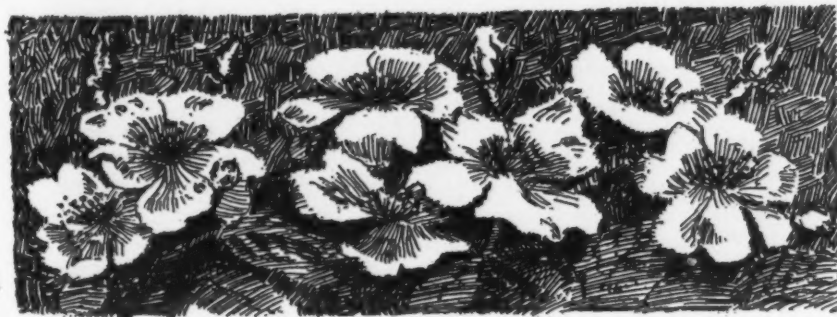
that does not present some new attraction unsuspected or only hoped for the day before. The buds have broken on the grapevine; or a yellow crocus is in bloom; or the tender green of the lettuce shows in a delicate line on the brown soil; or our first rose has appeared; or there are tiny pods on the pea vines; or the corn is in tassel; or a tomato glows rich red; or—but the list is endless.

Oh, it is worth while to plant and tend and garner! I cannot understand the man or woman with a backyard who is blind to these morning surprises, and deaf to the call of his bit of the soil. I cannot understand the heart that will deliberately close its doors to these free and God-given joys.

I am one of those fortunate ones who can go to work afoot, and after breakfast I can prolong my morning chapel, in a manner, by glimpses into other yards along the pleasant way to the shop. I like to fancy that Dr. Ludlow is rejoicing over the full-blown beauty of his symmetrical cherry tree, or that Mrs. Saunders has gazed with astonished delight that morning upon her first pink peonies. I wave a mental salutation as I pass, and feel that we understand each other.

And then in June there is the square white house with the super-gorgeous array of blue cornflowers and pink roses behind it. I mean to get acquainted and enter that backyard some day. I feel that it would be worth while. I know that it would put our humble rose-bed to shame, though I am still haunted by the conviction that our Killarneys are just a shade the finest roses ever grown in the open.

God bless you, brother backyardsmen. May your lettuce never fail to head nor your hollyhocks to bloom. And at your morning worship know that I am with you in spirit, and that our common text is "Consider the lilies."



THE ROSE, THE ARCHITECT AND THE GARDENER: BY ELOISE ROORBACH



OTH architects and gardeners appreciate, perhaps more clearly today than ever before, the close kinship that exists between their respective arts and the harmony that may link the solid surfaces of brick and stone to the delicate growths of Nature. Each is a complement to the other. The walls and porches of the house, the pergolas and summer-houses, form supports for vines and backgrounds for shrubs and flowers of the garden, while they, in turn, serve as architectural adjuncts, softening the lines and edges, brightening the flat surfaces, in short, completing, by their tender gracious presence, the whole exterior of the home.

Foremost among the plants whose foliage and blossoms add such beauty to the builder's scheme, is the rose—the royal member of the garden. Whether as bush, standard or climber, its richness of color and the decorative quality of its foliage and bloom seem to fit it supremely for putting the finishing touches to both house and garden. Planted at the base of a wall, or beside the garden entrance, reaching up tiptoe to a casement window, winding lovingly about the veranda pillars, trailing its many-petaled glory over a trellis or drooping luxuriantly from the curve of a garden arch—wherever and however it may be grown, the rose is sure to add to the outdoor beauty, and may transform into a veritable bower of color and fragrance even the humblest spot.

The soil is the first thing to consider when planning a rose garden, no matter in what part of our land it is to be. A blossoming rose makes a great demand upon the soil, and this must, therefore, be of the richest, else the flowers will not be able to exhale their sweetest perfume, bring to perfection the tenderness and richness of their color, or attain their fullest glory of form. Moreover the plant must be wisely nourished, protected from rough winds and destroying parasites.

Even in California, the land of true flower magic, where Nature has been most generous and kindly, a little scientific treatment will amazingly increase the wonders. The novice hopefully starts his California garden under the impression (gleaned from "booming" pamphlets) that his careless cuttings will put forth roots the second day after being pushed a few inches into dry, unprepared earth. He soon learns, however, that if he wishes a rose to climb up his porch and cover the new shingles with a mass of bloom, he must give it a rich, well loosened soil, and consider its needs as well as his own wishes.

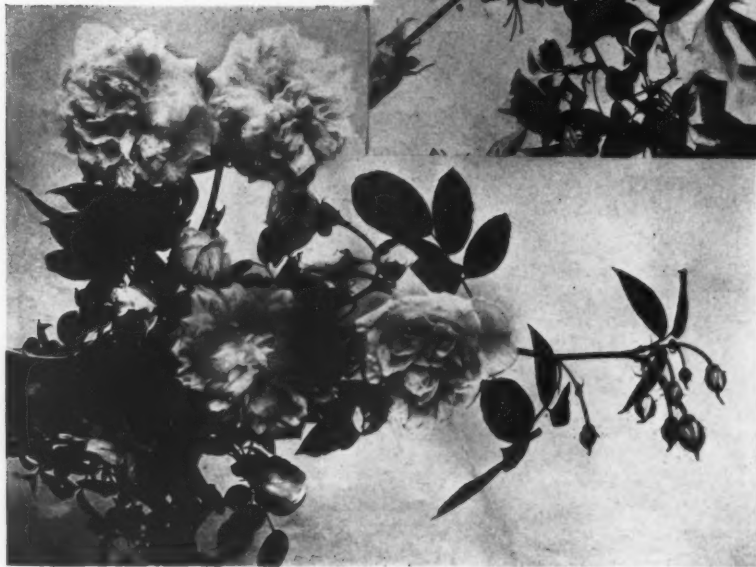
If the ground where roses are to bloom lacks natural drainage, an



THE KAISERIN AUGUSTA VICTORIA, A BEAUTIFUL TREE ROSE,
WITH PETALS OF CREAMY WHITE.

PAPA GONTIER, A RAPID-GROWING CLIMBER WITH DEEP PINK
SEMI-DOUBLE BLOSSOMS THAT PUT FORTH PROFUSELY IN SPRING
AND SUMMER, ADDING MUCH CHARM TO TRELIS OR WALLS.

THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW SHOWS THE LA MARQUE, WHICH IS ALWAYS A FAVORITE WITH THOSE WHO LOVE WHITE ROSES: IT IS A HARDY CLIMBER, WITH LARGE DOUBLE BLOSSOMS THAT ARE PARTICULARLY LUXURIANT ALTHOUGH INFORMAL IN THEIR EFFECT, AND THESE, TOGETHER WITH THE SLENDER CLUSTERS OF BUDS, FORM A WONDERFULLY PIQUANT CONTRAST TO THE GREEN OF THE FOLIAGE: THE LA MARQUE BLOOMS MOST OF THE YEAR, THOUGH MORE IN SPRING, A FACT THAT NO DOUBT ACCOUNTS FOR ITS POPULARITY AMONG GARDEN LOVERS: IT PROVES AN EXCELLENT MEDIUM FOR BEAUTIFYING BARE SPACES, COVERING TRELLISES OF WOOD OR ARCHES OF WIRE, AND THUS HELPING TO LINK THE WORK OF ARCHITECT AND GARDENER.



MAMA COCHET, THE TREE ROSE OF WHICH A GLIMPSE IS GIVEN IN THE PICTURE ABOVE, BEARS IMMENSE PINK BLOSSOMS, AND IN ITS MANNER OF GROWING CREEPS ALMOST INTO THE REALM OF CLIMBERS.

THE LAVISH CLIMBER, GOLD OF OPHIR, IS PICTURED ON THE RIGHT: ITS SEMI-SINGLE BLOSSOMS SHOW GOLD, SCARLET, PINK AND CREAM, AND OPEN DURING FEBRUARY, MARCH AND APRIL.



ABOVE IS THE MAGNA CHARTA, A TREE ROSE WITH MAGNIFICENT DOUBLE PINK BLOOM, SOMETIMES CALLED THE CALIFORNIA AMERICAN BEAUTY.

ON THE RIGHT IS THE GAINSBOROUGH, A HARDY CLIMBER WITH LARGE PALE PINK FLOWERS THAT APPEAR IN CALIFORNIA IN FEBRUARY, AND CONTINUE FOR THREE OR FOUR MONTHS.

THE EXQUISITE CECIL BRUNNER IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT: IT HAS TINY PINK BLOSSOMS THAT AVERAGE TWO INCHES ACROSS AND THE PROFUSION OF WHICH MAKES THIS ROSE A FAVORITE: THERE ARE TWO TYPES—A CLIMBER AND A TREE—BOTH HAVING BLOSSOMS EXACTLY ALIKE AND BOTH GROWING RAPIDLY AND BLOOMING MOST OF THE YEAR: THE ROSE IS USED SOMETIMES TO COVER THE HIGH NET AROUND A TENNIS COURT, WHERE, SPREADING DAINTILY IN AND OUT OF THE WIRE MESH, IT FORMS A FRAGRANT CURTAIN THAT SHIELDS THE PLAYERS FROM THE ENVIOUS EYES OF THE UNINVITED.



THE CHEROKEE, A CLIMBER OF WHICH THERE ARE TWO TYPES, ONE DEEP PINK THE OTHER PURE WHITE: THE BLOSSOMS ARE SINGLE WITH BRIGHT GOLD CENTERS: THIS ROSE BLOOMS IN SPRING.

ROSE, ARCHITECT AND GARDENER

artificial one can be provided. Experienced gardeners declare that even in the most inauspicious situations roses have bloomed profusely when scientifically planted. One gardener whose rose hedge was the wonder of the whole countryside in blossom time, explained how he accomplished the miracle. He dug a trench a little more than two feet deep, loosened the dirt with a pickaxe, spread a layer of loose stones and gravel in the bottom, scattered ashes over the stones (to prevent clogging) then filled in with rich loam mixed with sand and vegetable matter. He also added a top dressing of well-decayed manure each spring.

In planting any rose, whether a standard or climber, the hole should be dug much larger than needed, and the surrounding dirt loosened with a pickaxe. Some growers advocate blasting with dynamite, as it not only loosens and aerates the ground but also destroys dangerous grubs and insects. The hole must be filled with finely screened loam, enriched with decaying vegetable matter. Roses do better if shipped in pots instead of being wrapped in dirt, for the young rootlets will not stand rough treatment. January, before the plant begins to send out new roots, is a good season for transplanting in California. It is better not to let the blooms die on the bush, but to keep them well culled, and after blooming, the old flower stalks must be cut back. In the spring, one should cut out all dead and unnecessary wood, remembering that ramblers flower on old stalks, and the standard or bush varieties flower only on new canes. If the bush is wanted to assume a spreading form, the cane may be cut just above an outside eye.

California architects are realizing the immense importance of designing their houses from the curb of the street to the back of the lot, which means that when they undertake the construction of a home, their plans include the garden, walks and walls also, for it is an understood thing here that a garden is part of a home. So they are becoming practical landscape gardeners as well as designers of buildings. We now see garden colors handled with artistic judgment. The new red houses no longer have a cerise climber on one porch and a yellow bankshia on the other. Neither is every flower of a catalogue gathered into one erratically blazing star or crescent. Instead of a motley riot of incongruous color, there are the choicest of color harmonies. The prevailing colors are first determined upon, then the house is toned into a fitting background.

An important point to decide is the color scheme of the garden, whether it is to be yellow, pink or lavender or blue. (A lavender garden with a small white house in its center is as nearly ideal as heart of woman can wish.) The climbing rose is really the keynote

ROSE, ARCHITECT AND GARDENER

of the whole; all colors are chosen but to offset its varied beauty.

The climbers that rule the color of Californian houses are many. The Cherokee, though introduced but a few years ago, has become a universal favorite. Its beauty, too irresistible to be denied, prevents it from becoming commonplace. It is seen shading pergolas and covering sheds; it separates lawns from streets in the form of a hedge, or is festooned from tree to tree around the four sides of country estates, dripping with pink or white, yellow-centered blooms which look like wild roses glorified. The petals are graceful in the extreme, crinkling like poppies at the edges, and the foliage is glossy and lovely. The Cherokee's normal size, if given half a chance, is five inches in diameter. It is quite hardy and an early bloomer.

The Cecile Brunner's profusion of small pink blossoms make it another favorite. It is sometimes used to cover the high net around a tennis court. It spreads daintily in and out of the wire mesh until it forms a fragrant curtain, delicately shielding the players from the envious eyes of the uninvited.

The Gold of Ophir's luxuriant habits make it the flower embodiment of California's legends of wealth. Its rich gold and orange petals melting into varied hues of rose and deep cream toward the heart, seem to have drawn their richness from some hidden stratum of ore.

The Gainsborough is a hardy climber, unfolding large, pale pink flowers that nod heavily through pergola arches. The La Marque is a favorite for those who love white roses, and the climbing hermosa's delicate rose-pink blossoms endear it to many. The crimson rambler is a favorite too well known to be described; so also are the rosy red prairie queen and deep pink Papa Gontier. Many of the climbers are trained to form exquisite living fences between neighboring yards, and are made low so that neighbors may gossip over garden doings, exchange slips and admire one another's possessions.

Among the tree roses which creep well into the realm of climbers may be recommended the lovely white bride, the crimson baby rambler, the deep pink Alice Roosevelt, the yellow Safrono, the pink Mama Cochet, the creamy white Kaiserin Augusta Victoria and the magnificent double pink Magna Charta.

Californians sometimes start a border of dwarf edging-roses such as the two white favorites Schneikopf and Annie Marie Montravel, and the two pink ones, the Mignonette and the Clothilde Soupert. Back of these are set many bush and standard varieties, while still farther back are climbers mounting upon walls and trellises. Such a rose border, if let alone, will mass and tangle together in irresistible fashion; in fact, the more a climbing rose is permitted its own way, the more graceful and charming it becomes.

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA AND ITS POSSIBILITIES FOR THE FUTURE



IN AMERICA, today, the youngest of the arts, that of landscape architecture, is the one holding for the future the greatest possibilities. This is true because the necessities sought first in every new country have been gained and the comforts following directly in line with them have been acquired. The time, therefore, is at hand for the enjoyment frequently found in an extension of control over the surface of the earth.

The interior of a dwelling, at best a glorified shelter from the weather, cannot interest its inmates when buds are bursting from the branches of trees and the songs of birds bestir the air. The natural impulse is then to seek the open country; furthermore, to impress upon it some individual conception. Especially is this felt about the section of territory immediately surrounding the home.

One of the first efforts of the Pilgrim Fathers after building their rude houses, was to level off a strip of land in which they might plant the vegetables and flowers familiar to them in the Mother Country. Nor has this desire ever lost vitality in America, where since the beginning of her history many characteristic gardens have been built. Simply the present day and generation have reached a stage of development wherein the attention of people at large is turned more than ever before in the direction of horticulture and the framework for its development, landscape architecture.

As America had its Colonial architecture, so it had early its conception of gardens. It is, in fact, perhaps not too much to assert that none more lovely ever existed nor one more artistically planned, than the garden at Mt. Vernon, visited each year by thousands. But then the first President of this country was not only a very great general, but a horticulturist of considerable renown.

In the Mt. Vernon garden the Colonial type is seen at its best, and is an expression seemingly in harmony with the ideals of the Nation. It displays a simple and straightforward conception of life as well as of garden-building, and it is not unlikely that the future will again turn to this style of landscape architecture with the full appreciation that it deserves.

America is richly endowed. No other country gives such scope to the landscape architect, offering him opportunity for such infinite variety. She inspires both by the many forms of her surfaces and the diversity of her climatic conditions. From ocean to ocean also she has a wonderful flora and fauna unsurpassed in richness and adaptability.

MAKING AMERICAN GARDENS

THE two general styles of this art that are everywhere recognized are the formal and the naturalistic, each following in an individualistic way requirements that are sensible and suited to the lay of the land. For a small plot of ground, one of an acre or less, it is clear that the formal style must prevail; a park, a grove, wooded by-ways and the like cannot be developed on small plots closely connected, nor is it feasible to maintain clipped hedges, fountains and beds of flowers over planting grounds several acres in extent.

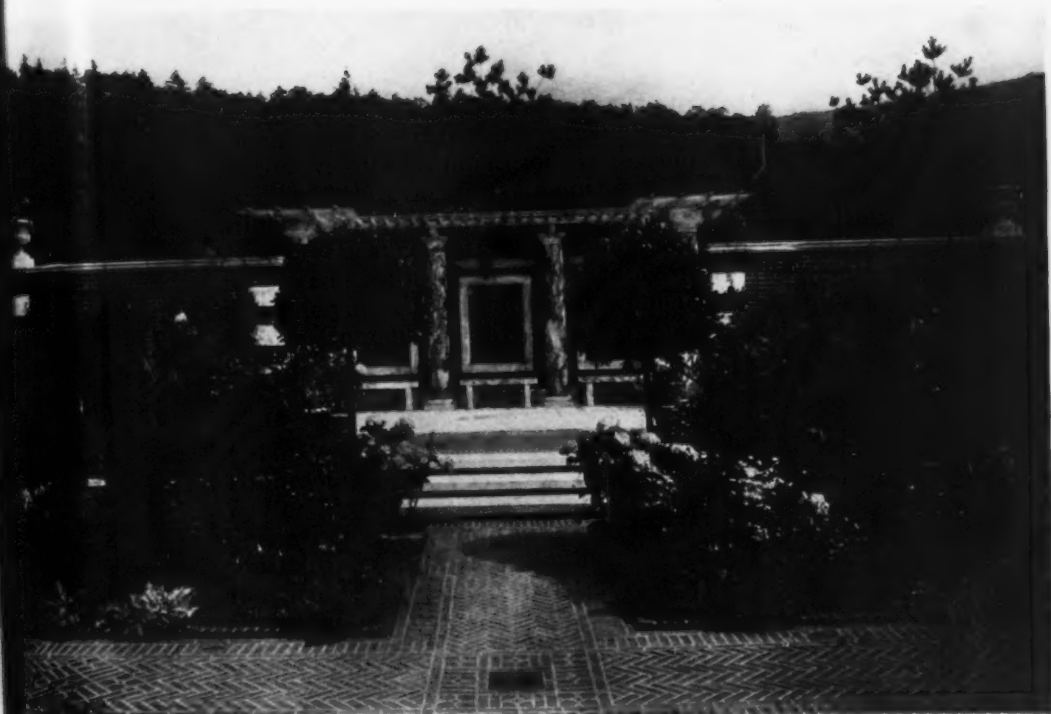
Trees, shrubs and flowers should be planted for permanency only after a plan of the property has been drawn, its aim being, with Nature's help, to block out from view all objectionable buildings and objects; to provide uninterrupted lines of vision; to give protection from winds; to preserve the dignity and beauty of the green-sward; to give a desirable quality of shade and to erect such structures as may add to the joy and restfulness of out-of-door living.

The plan once executed, the choice of the trees, shrubs and flowers that are to give it emphasis should pass under consideration. Those that are evergreen and those that are deciduous must be placed so as to offset each other; as one group of shrubs passes out of bloom it must be arranged for another to unfold and take its place, thus continuing the floral procession. Even the natural length of the life of the plants must be given thought that others may be set in advance to replace them when in due time their span is run. For only with attention to the most minute details can a plan be worked out satisfactorily into a bit of landscape reality.

Exceptional opportunities are offered today for the study of landscape architecture by Harvard University, the course including study and research in gardening and city planning. This branch of the University's work is distinctly aided by the many examples of notably beautiful estates in the vicinity of Boston. Booklets have just been issued describing this course, one of which contains unusually lovely illustrations of New England gardens and grounds, formal and picturesque, as well as parks and woodlands, bridges and river edges, which show how much real charm has already been preserved and developed in this part of the country.

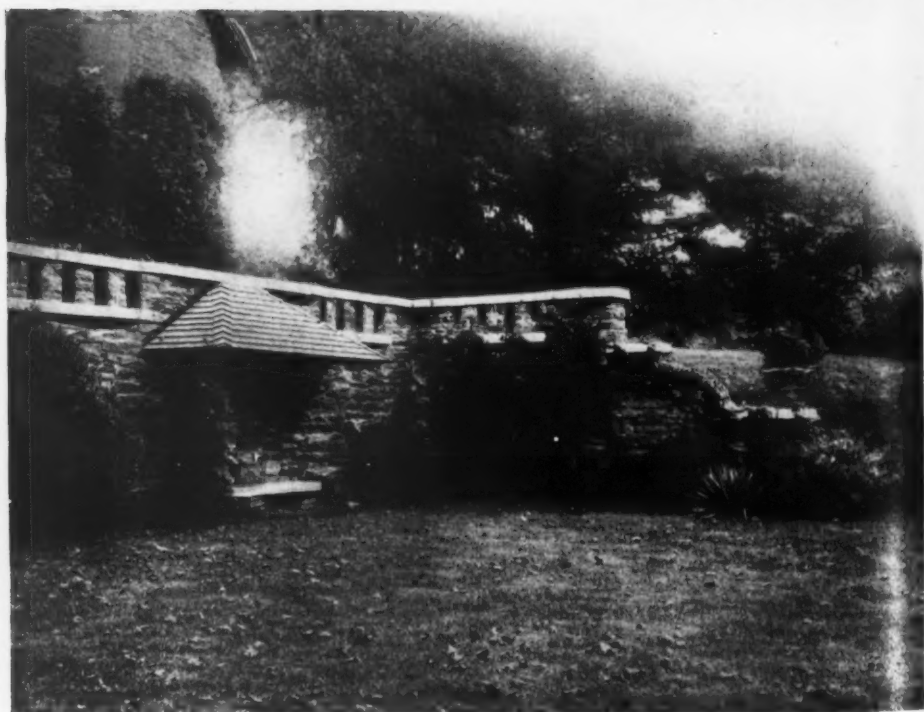
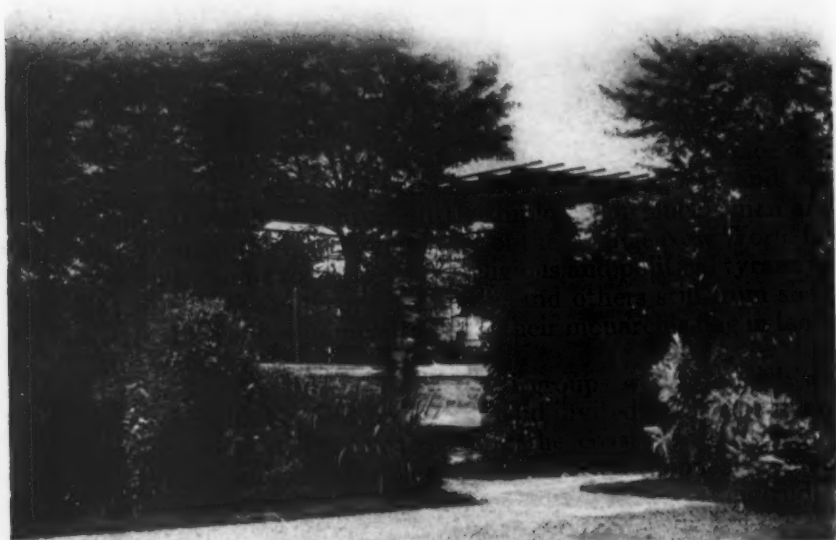
Mr. Ferruccio Vitale, who has learned his lesson amid the historic gardens of Italy, has shown his hand in America in some of the best and most sympathetic landscape treatments.

AT "Brookside," the estate of Mr. William Hall Walker, Great Barrington, Massachusetts, an unusual chance was offered Mr. Vitale for architectural development, since the estate comprised some five hundred acres of hilly land, an inexhaustible supply of spring water flowing freely from the sides of a



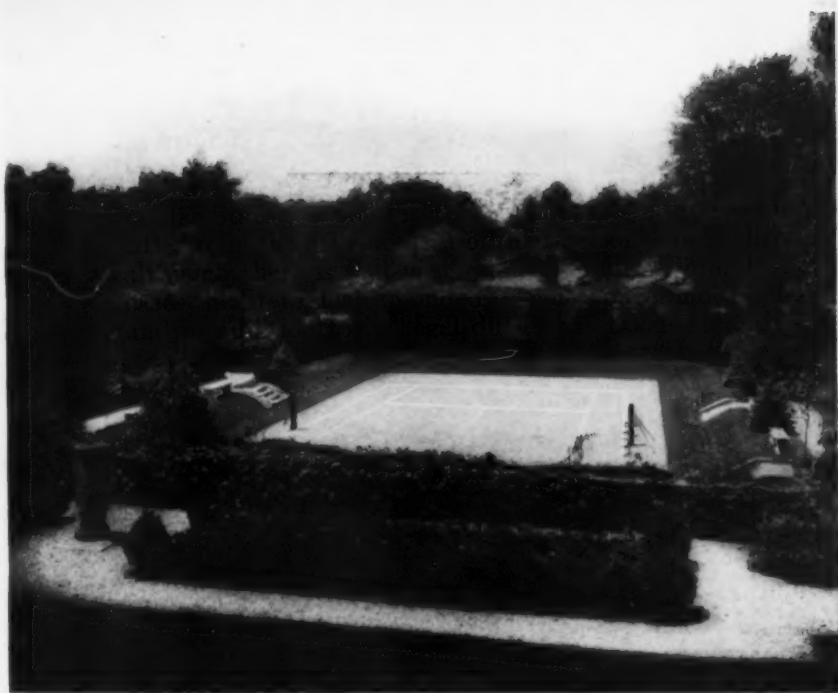
Illustrations from photographs of the work of
Ernest V. Vile, Landscape Architect.

SUNKEN GARDEN AT THE COUNTRY ESTATE OF MR. WILLIAM PAUL WALKER AT
GREAT BARRINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS: A DETAIL SHOWING A MOST SATISFYING
USE OF BRICK BOTH IN WALL AND WALKS: THE PLANTING IS SO SKILFUL AS
TO BECOME ARCHITECTURAL IN FORM.



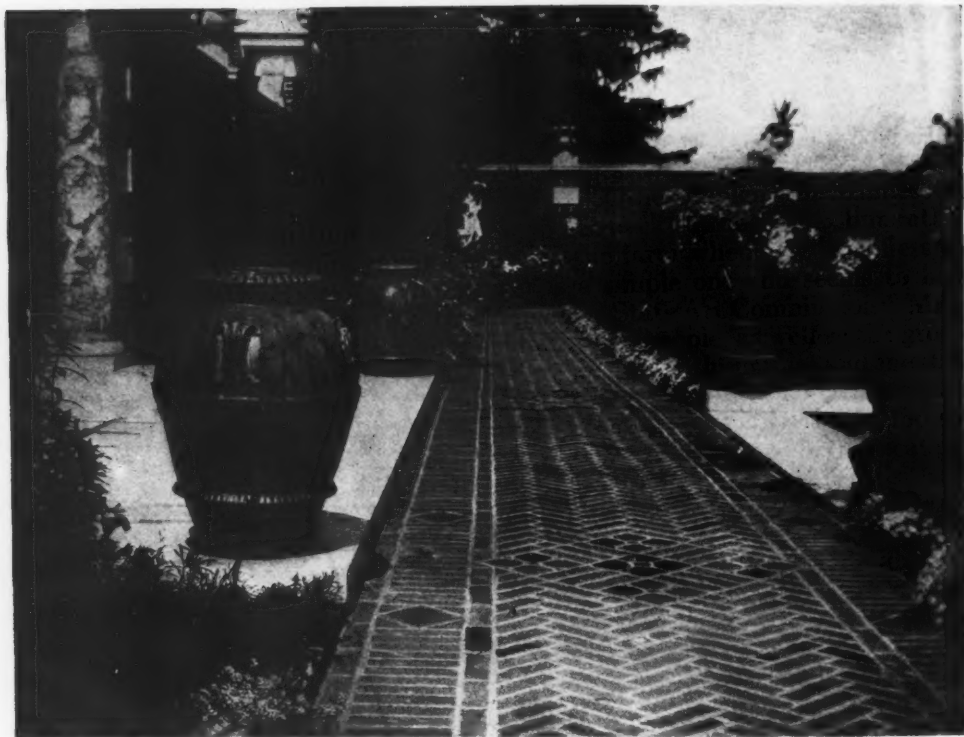
LIGHT STONE AND WOOD CONSTRUCTION THAT HAS BY JUDICIOUS PLANTING BEEN GATHERED INTO A LOVELY INTIMACY WITH THE GARDEN.

QUAINT DESIGN FOR A WALL SEAT, THE STONE WALL BEING SO PLANTED AS TO LOSE ITS ANGLES, YET REVEAL PICTURESQUE BEAUTY.



THE TENNIS COURT OF RODMAN WANAMAKER AT CHELTEN HILLS, PENNSYLVANIA: A COURT BUILT OF WOOD AND CANVAS AFTER AN ORIGINAL CONCEPTION AND ONE WHICH HAS PROVED SO SATISFACTORY THAT IT HAS GONE THROUGH SEVEN WINTERS WITHOUT REPAIRS OR EXPENSE OF ANY KIND.

TREATMENT OF RETAINING WALL THAT IS PLEASING TO THE EYE AND LIKELY TO BE PERMANENT SINCE BEHIND THE SHORT-LIVED POPLARS, ARBOR VITAE TREES ARE PLANTED TO EVENTUALLY TAKE THEIR PLACES.



IN THIS SHELTERED GARDEN THERE IS AN AIR OF PEACEFUL DIGNITY, DUE TO THE LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT'S WISE PLANNING OF EACH STRUCTURE, ORNAMENT AND PLANT: FOLLOWING THE LINES OF THE WIDE BRICK WALK, THE EYE LINGERS APPRECIATIVELY UPON THE GREAT POTTERY JARS AND BORDER BLOSSOMS, BEFORE PASSING ON TO THE BRICK WALL, TREES AND SKY AT THE FARTHER END.

MAKING AMERICAN GARDENS

mountain, expanding into a lake covering some ten acres, and running from thence over a cascade into a smaller lake, emptying into the nearby Housatonic River. Pine, spruce, maples and elms, besides many other varieties of trees and shrubs, here represented the diverse wealth of Nature, while a picturesque background was formed for the property by one of the Berkshire mountains.

But majestic as Nature has here shown herself, it was a work of no small magnitude to temper her moods, to define her outlines, to provide places from which the most splendid views could be gained and to accommodate her to the comforts and pleasures of human beings. Yet all this has been accomplished, and skilfully.

The house being in the Elizabethan style of architecture demanded that the court, the immediate surroundings and the sunken garden should be kept strictly under the same influence. Indeed, such old English examples seem, when for various reasons the Colonial is not preferred, to be more in accord with the landscape and the climate of America than gardens patterned on those of Italy, adapted to a country vastly different in atmosphere and personality.

The walled garden of "Brookside" is entirely disconnected from the house. It nestles between the side hills at a considerable distance, forming in truth the open-air room of the estate. The wall which encloses this garden on three sides is of tapestry brick, but on the fourth side it gives place to a loggia having two levels. Of this loggia the central portion is formed into a tea-house, where comfort in its quintessence can be had even to the extent of cooking for famished mortals by means of electricity, the same power that is used to light the garden by night.

A broad brick walk divides the loggia at its upper level where the side leaning toward the wall is filled in with perennials, providing flowers from May until October. The other side is transformed into a carpet of heliotrope five feet wide and extending all around the garden.

The lower level is devoted to plots for flowers, roses predominating; and character is here given to the design by four wall fountains representing two boys in different positions as they drink and sport with water.

In the twilight or when this garden is seen later in the evening, the time that wonderful night moths seek the nectar of flowers, when the water trickling from the fountains is heard as the voice of the garden, when the lights give long and fantastic shadows and the scent from the heliotrope seemingly turns the whole world into a realm of sweetness, the restrictions of a closed dwelling are forgotten and the spirit of Nature seems to dominate the scene.

SCHOOL GARDENS: IN HELPING THE CHILDREN THE NATION PROFITS: BY WALTER A. DYER



JOHN SPENCER said: "When a farm boy carried wood for the kitchen stove, wood was a bore; carrying ball-bats for a game down on the flats was a privilege eagerly sought. Stove-wood and ball-bats may have come from the same tree. The man is an alchemist who is able to place the same halo about stove-wood duties that he finds in ball-bat pleasures." The promoters of school gardens are alchemists of this sort. They are teaching children the fun there is in working for specific results. They have cast the spirit of competition, of a game, into garden tasks; they have made a play of work. This teaching of the joy of accomplishment, this injection of enthusiasm into work, is bound to produce far-reaching effects on the national life of the future.

For there is a psychological truth at the bottom of all this. The brain has a distinct motor faculty that must be trained if the proper balance is to be maintained in education. It is this truth that is at the bottom of all manual training and solid instruction. To make the hands willing and competent servants of the brain is to develop self-reliance and the sense of responsibility. And it is training in the highest degree practical and useful.

But gardening for children goes farther than this. It produces that contact with the soil, that comprehension of the source of our national wealth, that makes good citizens and happier, more normal men and women. The chief propaganda of the School Garden Association of America is "to lead the people to realize that their little children must be brought more directly and continuously into contact with Mother Earth to be properly educated," in fact that they can get a good deal of schooling in a garden.

Especially in the cities, where ordinarily this contact is denied to thousands of future citizens of the republic, the school garden meets the need, and as soon as our educators realize the importance of it the movement will sweep the country.

"The school garden's popularity and growth," writes Mrs. A. L. Livermore, vice-president of the Fairview Garden School Association of Yonkers, New York, "are accounted for in many ways, but chiefly because of its rare combination of essential educational qualities. It is a happy mingling of play and work, vacation and school, athletics and manual training, pleasure and business, beauty and utility, head and hand, freedom and responsibility, of corrective and preventive, constructive and creative influences, and all in the great school of

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out of doors. It is a corrective of the evils of the schoolroom. It is a preventive of the perils of misspent leisure. It is conducive to character building. It is creative of industrious, honest producers. In fact, there is no child's nature to which it does not in some way make a natural and powerful appeal."

THE school-garden movement, though it had its beginnings in this country only twenty-three years ago, is much older in Europe, whence the idea spread to America. As long ago as eighteen hundred and sixty-nine Austria decreed that every rural school should have an experimental garden attached to it. A similar system is in operation in Norway and Sweden. Belgium has a compulsory course in horticulture in the elementary schools. France requires every public school to maintain flower and vegetable gardens, an orchard, forestry plot and apiary, and Russia, in a lesser degree, does the same. More recently Germany, Switzerland and England have made school gardens a part of the educational system. At the present time Berlin has a large school garden outside the city with a plot for every child who applies. Canada, too, has been progressive in this line, the Macdonald Institute at Guelph, Ontario, having the finest equipment in the world for teaching nature study and school gardening.

Boston was the pioneer in the school-garden movement in the United States. The first one was instituted in eighteen hundred and ninety-one by Henry M. Clapp, master of the George Putnam School at Roxbury, Massachusetts. For a number of years, however, this was little more than a collection of wild flowers grown for nature study. Now there are school gardens in St. Louis, Chicago, Washington, Omaha, Cleveland, Yonkers, Brookline, New York, Rochester, Philadelphia, Grand Rapids, Saginaw, St. Paul, Cincinnati, Portland and other cities, each meeting local conditions in its own way.

In nineteen hundred the Cleveland Home Garden Association gave away over forty-eight thousand packets of seeds and instituted a test garden in the city. The Board of Education of Cleveland soon took charge of this, being the first city school board to recognize gardening as a regular department. There are now in Cleveland over fifty thousand home gardens due to the influence of the school gardens and the work of the association.

The most noteworthy school garden in a large American city is that of the De Witt Clinton School in New York. It was started in nineteen hundred and one by Mrs. Henry Parsons, and has been an inspiration to many others. On little plats, by a system of two

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plantings, in May and July, this garden is instrumental in keeping some one thousand children off the streets at least part of the time. The garden is now called the Children's School Farm, and has been made a part of the city park system. Situated in the midst of a congested tenement-house district, it has proved to be of tremendous sociological value.

Mr. John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company, at Dayton, Ohio, once discovered that hardly a man had ever failed in his employ who had been responsible as a boy for farm and garden chores. With this in mind, his company started in Dayton school gardens which have proved not only successful as a work of philanthropy, but a good commercial investment for the company as well.

In Massachusetts several societies did pioneer work in school gardening, and other leaders are located at Philadelphia, Washington and Yonkers, Philadelphia standing at the head.

Nearly all of our school gardens have been developed along individual lines, reflecting in large measure the personal tastes and enthusiasms of their leaders. What we need now is a correlation and codification of the work, a task which has recently been undertaken by the School Garden Association of America, of which Mr. Van Evrie Kilpatrick of New York is the executive head.

But even with this centralization and organization of the movement, it appears that there must be several different kinds of school gardens to meet local needs, or rather that different aspects of the work must be given prime consideration in different places.

SOME school gardens run to flowers and ornamental planting, as an education in horticulture and a love for the beautiful, as well as an example to the community. Others run to the practical—the study of soils, of blights, of varieties and the growing of fruits and vegetables. There is to be considered, too, the varying needs of city, suburban and rural communities. In some places it may be possible to establish experimental farms in connection with elementary schools; in others the best the teacher can do may be to have the pavement in the schoolyard torn up and a few seeds and shrubs planted, or perhaps window gardens maintained by the children in the schoolrooms.

The Park Life School Garden of Dubuque, Iowa, has a broad educational and sociological aim. Here there is a complete oversight of the children's work and play, with gardening as the major activity. A similarly broad work is conducted by the Playground Association of Pittsburgh.

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One of the most noteworthy achievements along this line is the work of the Fairview Garden School of Yonkers, started in nineteen hundred and three by Miss Mary Marshall Butler, president of the Woman's Institute of Yonkers, and supported now by the Fairview Garden School Association. Two small gardens were started in the tenement district with thirty-six schoolboys. Two unsightly vacant lots were transformed into such successful gardens that the next year the gardens were planted on a larger scale, and later nearly two acres of land were secured for a garden school and were divided into plots. This has since been increased to three and one-half acres, and some six hundred boys and girls, from eight to thirteen years of age, are given opportunities that would otherwise be denied them. Over one thousand have applied for plots in one season, representing many nationalities. The average daily attendance during the season has been two hundred and sixty, every child being required to cultivate his or her plot twice a week. Each child owns whatever he raises, the average value of the product of each plot having been estimated at five dollars.

Next a club house was secured, chiefly for winter use, and during the winter the gardens were turned into basket-ball and football grounds and a skating pond. At the club house the attendance was so great that the children had to be divided into squads, an average of seventy-five coming each day. Illustrated lectures have proved most popular and of unquestioned educational value. Sewing clubs, vegetable clubs, a reading club and a dancing club have been formed, and a Penny Provident Fund established. Instruction is given in sewing, cooking, kindergarten and basket weaving. Last winter the children put up thousands of packets of seeds for use in the garden school and for distribution among the public schools.

The school now owns a greenhouse in which plants are started for early gardening and decorative plants are grown. A greenhouse class of a dozen boys has been given special instruction and practice in propagation, potting, the care of house plants and window boxes, the use of coldframes and hotbeds, and the testing of seeds.

The children's home-garden movement is a natural outgrowth of the school garden, and is being pushed by various community improvement and school gardening associations. It is an extension of the school-garden idea, and in most places gives the child a better opportunity to develop individuality and the sense of ownership and responsibility.

A kindred movement looks toward the utilization of vacant lots in the cities. Where this can be successfully carried out it has a many-sided value. It is a logical method of using waste land and of

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reducing the high cost of living. The American people need to learn what can be done on a small plot of ground by intensive methods. Moreover, an uncultivated vacant lot is always an eyesore.

During the business depression of eighteen hundred and ninety-four Mayor Pingree of Detroit, by his "potato patch plan," putting the idle hands on the idle lands, reduced the pay roll of the city poor by sixty per cent. In New York, Bolton Hall proved again the economic value of cultivating the vacant lot until his work was turned over to the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which in turn was obliged to abandon it because of local real estate conditions. Today in Philadelphia in addition to the children who develop the nine school gardens and the eight thousand home gardens, about six thousand persons maintain themselves on waste land at a cost of about four dollars per family. This is not charity, but part of the community's tax for instruction, while the Garden Club of Minneapolis has proved that vacant lot gardening on a large scale is eminently practicable. It is to be hoped that the school garden movement will soon be extended to include the cultivation of all the waste spaces within our city limits.

STILL another extension of the movement which is bound to come will be work with rural schools. Here agricultural training naturally shares a place with instruction in the art of making the country home more beautiful. Pioneer work in this line has already been done in Winnebago County, Illinois, at Jordan Harbor, Ontario, Jamestown, North Dakota, in East Tennessee and in Saskatchewan. Here is a problem well worthy of the attention of school-garden workers.

Now all this movement, with its boundless possibilities, will require trained teachers and supervisors, and our system of preparing them is as yet largely undeveloped. In France the courses in the normal schools are made to include such instruction as will enable the graduate teachers "to carry to the elementary schools an exact knowledge of the soil, the means of improving it, the methods of cultivation and the management of a farm and garden." In Ontario training for the teaching of school gardening is part of the course in agriculture and horticulture. At the Macdonald Institute special courses are given to fit teachers to conduct school-gardening work.

In the United States the first steps along this line were taken in eighteen hundred and ninety-seven. The State Normal School at Hyannis, Massachusetts, gives this training, and truck-garden training is given by the School of Horticulture at Hartford, Connecticut, and at the training garden of the Home Gardens Association of

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Cleveland. The State Normal School of East Tennessee, at Johnson City, an institution only three years old, is training teachers to handle school gardens and agricultural instruction, particularly for rural schools. These opportunities should be greatly extended and school gardening made a part of all our normal school courses. For those teachers who have not had this training, but who desire to undertake school-gardening work, the School Garden Association of America has prepared outlines and descriptions of methods and materials. Some understanding of horticulture and the soil and some personal experience, however, are essential.

The ideal school garden should be large enough to provide a small plat for each child, or at least a plat for each group of half a dozen children. The element of competition may be introduced by means of simple prizes—preferably not cash—for the best conducted plats. Teachers should be competent to give at least rudimentary instruction in preparing the soil, cultivation and the fundamental facts of horticulture. The ideal school garden would include ornamental planting as a setting for the building, playgrounds, a garden with both individual and cooperative flower and vegetable plats, experimental plats, larger areas for orchard and nursery, coldframes, hotbeds, a greenhouse, a water garden, tool house and other equipment, and lecture room and laboratory facilities.

The greenhouse, wherever practicable, is an invaluable addition to the school garden, if only because it makes possible an extension of the gardening season. Four years ago the Pittsburgh Playground Association was asked to add a modest greenhouse to the equipment of its children's garden department. An abandoned wooden building at one of the playgrounds in the heart of the city was remodeled, and a lean-to glass roof placed upon it. Here classes of children work every afternoon.

The time will come, it is to be hoped, when every board of education will organize a department of school gardening, but that time is not yet. In many places individual teachers must make the beginning. Or a local school-gardening society may be formed by interested citizens to raise the necessary funds, to secure land, equipment and instructors, and to maintain the work as a semi-public enterprise until such time as the board of education may be persuaded to take it over. It is in this way that the public-spirited man or woman anywhere may do pioneer work in a movement of incalculable usefulness.

THREE SICILIAN GARDENERS: WHAT THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED WITH THE HELP OF TWO ARTISTS AND NATURE



THE sea can work miracles for the home-builder and the garden-maker if allowed just a little freedom in using that lovely natural process known to the Philistine as "destruction." Fancy that mellow, rosy coast of Italy or the grimly vivid edges of Sicily suddenly taken in hand by a modern builder or paint-maker, and proudly brought "up-to-date"—painted and restored out of all picturesqueness, all harmony, all relation to sea and sky! Nature has wiser ways with her own than we let ourselves fathom, for often when she has graciously started to adjust or conceal our crudity we stop her kindly processes ruthlessly and set to work clipping and pruning and painting until we have obliterated all the beauty of her generous efforts.

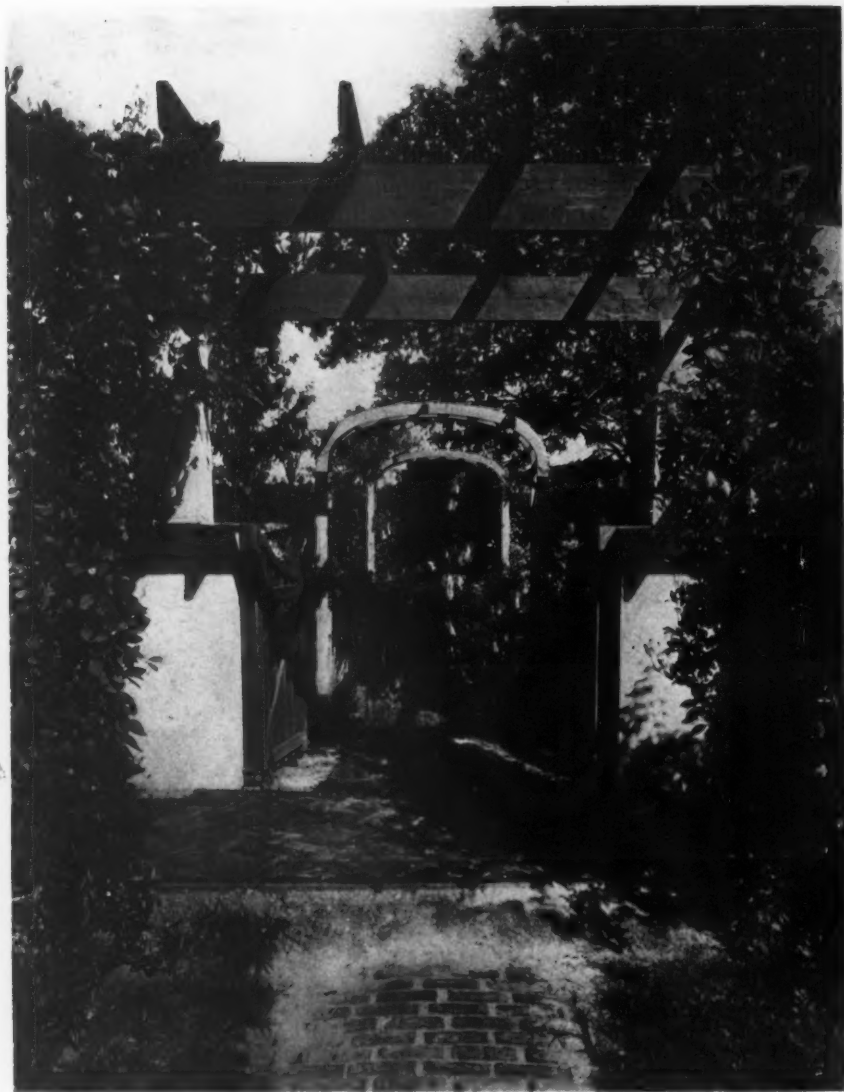
Sometimes when we allow ourselves to approach her handiwork without a burning sense of responsibility, we come a little closer to her artistry; we let ourselves say of Italy that the coast is attractive—not just as we would have planned it or would like to live in it, but in its way pleasant. But Sicily, that monument to the magic of the sea, we continue to regard as only a properly picturesque background for the birth and uprising of the blackhander. As a whole, we continue to like the neat and the thrifty in our homes as well as in our business and our personality. America is still pursued by the antimacassar ideal, and we become restless at the idea of letting Nature have her own way even in her own kingdom. We still want our landscapes in corsets, and color is not a gift of the gods but of the French modiste of the hour.

It is fifteen years since Mr. and Mrs. Albert Herter started building their own home down on a wonderful hundred-acre stretch of land on Long Island, just between Southampton and Easthampton, not only close to the ocean, but on the very borders of a blue lake that aided and abetted the sea in all its fine craftsmanship on house and garden. It is interesting that a rough concrete was used for the house long before the vogue for this material came in to any extent. Of course, the concrete house, the cement, the adobe, whatever it has been called, has been in existence for hundreds of years, wherever people have wanted permanent structures; but while here in America we were still afraid of brick and devoted to shingle and clapboard, with our wildest flight of architecture in stone, the Herters began their wonderful house in a sort of a pinkish terra-cotta concrete, exactly the tone of the old Sicilian houses that have weathered under sun and sea winds until they seem alive with



Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

LOOKING OVER THE LAKE FROM THE TERRACE OF MR. ALBERT HERTER'S ESTATE ON LONG ISLAND: THE COLOR SCHEME OF THIS EDGE OF THE GARDEN IS WONDERFUL:—THE BRICKS VERY OLD AND MOSS COVERED, THE CONCRETE WALLS WORN AND MELLOWED, THE POTTERY JARS INLAID WITH TILES OF PERSIAN BLUE AND GREEN AND FILLED WITH BLUE HYDRANGEAS AND ALWAYS A BACKGROUND OF GREEN.



THE PERGOLA IN MR. HERTER'S GROUNDS LOOKING AS FRIENDLY AND SWEETLY FADED AS AN OLD SICILIAN GARDEN: MASSES OF TANGLED OLD GRAPEVINES FORM A THICK SHADE, AND ROSES ADD FRAGRANCE.



A CONCRETE SEAT IN THE BLUE GARDEN, ORNAMENTED WITH PERSIAN TILES: THE GARDEN FLOWERS ALL BLUE AND WHITE, WITH A DARK NOTE IN THE STately EVERGREENS.



A VIEW OF THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ALBERT HERTER, SHOWING GRACEFUL CONSTRUCTION AND VINE-DRAPED PERGOLA AT THE ENTRANCE: THE ROOF OF COPPER TILES IS UNIQUE AND PICTURESQUE TO A DEGREE AS IT TONES OFF TO SHINING GREENS.

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all the beauty they have absorbed. This same tone of concrete has been used in the studio more recently added, in the pergolas, terraces, garden walls, fountains, stairways. In fact, wherever any special building has been done on the Herter estate, this permanent material asserts itself in tones that suggest salmon-pink and yellow-rose, occasionally softened by dampness into dull greens. And the texture of the concrete, too, has become more beautiful as the years have gone by. The surface roughened by the salt winds, has been allowed by the Sicilian workmen to express Nature's own point of view about beauty, and the sun and winds and rain have had their own way with the buildings from one end of the estate to the other.

"Why is all this place so reminiscent of Sicily, as though the Mediterranean winds had blown rich textures and tones into house and garden?" "It is perhaps the sea; and I am sure our three Sicilian workmen are also responsible," is the way in which Mr. Herter explains some of the individual beauty that encompasses this place of beauty on Long Island. Certainly the moisture of the winter sea winds has softened the concrete down to the tone of an old Sicilian garden wall, and the sea, too, has turned the wonderful copper-tiled roof to a jewel green, and the brick walks that are used throughout the grounds have been also given over to Nature's handicraft; little green weeds sprout up along the walks unrebuked, and the soft tones of the "commonest" brick have been changed to pale greens and orange which somehow fit into the whole scheme of garden and house and landscape, so that it is hard to imagine that they have not always been there or that they ever owned a color exclusively their own.

But the sea cannot take the credit for all the rich beauty that has been accomplished at this country site. The Sicilian workmen have contributed their share along with the elements and the owners, and Nature herself with her sky and lake, with her tall shadowy evergreens and the mass of marvelous flowers and shrubs, all in turn and in combination furnish an ensemble of loveliness that is a rare spectacle away from those lands that expect to take centuries to perfect the wonder of their living places.

The Herter garden reaches from the edge of the lake out to a thicket of woodland, and wild iris and the sea evergreens creep up from the woods to the very garden walls. One side of the house and one stretch of the garden nearby is all developed in harmonious tones of salmon, yellow and salmon-pink. Beginning with the tulips and crocuses in April, there follows a tangle of climbing yellow roses in May and June, then tall and stately yellow phlox, and masses of

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orange Sweet Williams, dahlias and orange flowering trumpet-vines growing against wall and house, and an acre or more of selected zinnias all in yellows, yellow-pinks and orange tones, some of them growing three or four feet high and in a variety of shades that would be impossible to practically any other known flower. Indeed, Mr. Herter regards his zinnia "patch" as one of the lovely accomplishments of his garden, and contends that these often despised and somewhat eccentric flowers have a distinct architectural beauty of which the landscape gardener of the future will do well to avail himself.

There is also a wall garden in yellow tones, with a cement flower basin in the center that is really like a blossoming fountain. For this garden tall slender evergreens form a wonderful background,

and against the wall and the house are yellow hollyhocks in their due season.

On another side of the house a totally different color scheme is worked out, with the exception of the unchanging note of the concrete structures.

Here is a



STEPS LEADING TO THE TERRACE IN THE BLUE AND WHITE GARDEN: A CONCRETE WALL INLAID WITH PERSIAN BLUE AND GREEN TILES AND A CLUMP OF ARCHITECTURALLY PLACED WHITE LILIES.

blue-and-white garden, beginning, of course, in the early season with blue and white tulips, blue and white hyacinths, followed by masses of white roses and then larkspur with white lilies, quantities of iris, forget-me-nots, heliotrope and the vague blue of numerous hydrangea bushes. The most effective thing in this garden is the Persian tiles of rich green and blue with which the concrete walls are inlaid at intervals. Indeed, all through the garden are scattered wonderful jars of blue pottery, and genuine Sicilian oil jars are used to hold flowers, shrubs and add their own note of pinkish terra-cotta.

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WALK LEADING TO THE HERTER HOUSE, BORDERED WITH FLOWERS IN WHICH THE IRIS PREDOMINATE: A SENSE OF A VERY OLD GARDEN IS GIVEN HERE, SUCH AS ONE WOULD SEE IN SICILY.

Mr. Herter says that he finds that many of the flowers we have grown accustomed to thinking of in America as "common," merely because they are not difficult to obtain, are wonderful for masses of color. He has great beds of marigolds in August, and at certain hours in the early morning some of the concrete walls are curtained under blue veils of morning-glories, which are as delicate and ethereal in effect as clusters of larkspur or climbing heliotrope.

The yellow gardens seem to flaunt their beauty most signally in vivid sunlight, or to brighten as with a miracle the gray days of sea storms; but in the twilight or moonlight the blue-and-white gardens with their ghostly sentinels of evergreens and the mysterious lake beyond possess a quality of enchantment that is rarely found save in the old, old haunted gardens of Italy, or in the remote, unvisited regions of Bavaria.

I remember the old royal gardens of Swetzingen, grave and silent in the twilight, their still green pools, their water-gods sunken in the wind-blown grasses, their tiny fountains with cool reed notes, the dark avenues in which one delicately made way for court beauties, and the echo of drawn swords or laughter from the gray old palace—and, somehow, in quite another mood, Mr. Herter's garden touches the imagination. He has caught that subtle beauty which is usually born of centuries of romance, that strange emotional atmosphere

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A SECOND VIEW OF THE PLANTING OF WHITE LILIES AND LOW-GROWING BLUE FLOWERS AGAINST THE PINKISH TERRA-COTTA WALL.

that lingers in a garden as a ghost of the life that has passed through it.

Perhaps the most remarkable color note in all the harmony of this quite amazingly beautiful place is the roof of the concrete house, the weathered

copper tiles which at a little distance give the effect of a green inlay on gold. I have seldom heard of a copper-tiled roof before, and I am perfectly sure that if any number of them do exist in America their owners have them polished regularly night and morning, not leaving them, as the Herters have, to turn rich emerald in the spots most exposed to the sea winds.

There are many interesting details in the beautiful color adjustment of the house. For instance, the trim of the entire structure is blue and green, not unlike the tiles that are inset in the walls, and the mosaics around the doors are a faded red and the eaves are painted a rich Pompeian red.

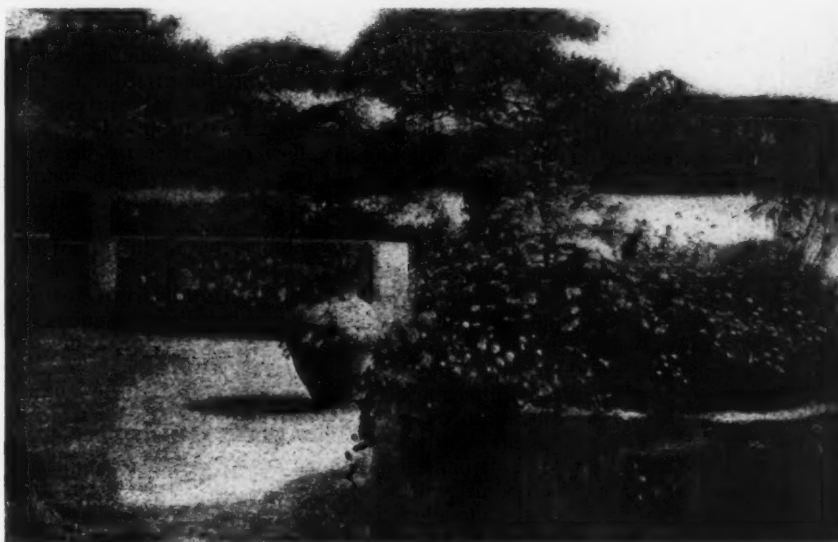
The sensi-



THE BOAT-HOUSE ON MR. HERTER'S ESTATE, WHICH IS EXTREMELY INTERESTING IN ARCHITECTURAL CONSTRUCTION AND IN COLOR PLANTING.

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tive visitor feels at once that this house and lovely garden could not be any one else's in the whole world; for not only have the owners planned it, but they have worked in it, loved it and of necessity have invested it with their own artistic individuality. It is really thus that every house and garden should be planned if we are to build up any permanent and real beauty in our American countryside. It is quite impossible to give the most skilful men and women an order to reproduce personality in a house or garden. So much that is individual in the development of a home comes by accident rather than by intention, just as so much that is beautiful in artistic development both in the fine and industrial arts has been achieved from



A DETAIL OF THE WALLED YELLOW GARDEN, IN WHICH A CONCRETE FOUNTAINLIKE BASIN IS PLANTED WITH A TANGLE OF YELLOW, SALMON AND ORANGE FLOWERS.

blunders, out of necessity, out of chance. We are slowly learning that individuality is one of the things that mere money will not buy, that there is no recipe for that elusive quality known as "atmosphere." It is too spiritual a thing to be compounded of brain and gold, rather the reward of the individual for love intelligently expended. And by intelligently, I mean with the coöperation of Nature, whose ways are slow, generous and wise from the experience of aeons.

It is impossible to study this rarely lovely home and garden of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Herter's without realizing how generous Nature really can be to those who accept her as master-builder.

UNCLE SAM AND THE COUNTRY CHILDREN: BY HARRY M. LAMON

Senior Animal Husbandman in Poultry Investigations, B.A.I., U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.



AMERICA has undoubtedly been making great strides during the last few years along the highway of agricultural progress. Her educators and her statesmen, and, in fact, all far-sighted and clear-thinking citizens have been aroused to the need of a more efficient rural life and wider conservation of the nation's natural resources. As the old-time beacons flashed their warning signals from hilltop to hilltop and from coast to coast, so the country's urgent need of more and better tillers of the soil, and wiser farming methods has been re-echoed from one end of the land to the other. And in response have sprung up in city and village, field and farm, a new enthusiasm for agriculture and a fresh impulse toward country life. There has awakened, too, in the public mind, a great respect for the farmer as the guardian of America's natural wealth and the producer of food for almost a hundred million people.

Nor is this new attitude toward rural living all that the movement has accomplished. On the contrary, its real significance lies in the practical and constructive action taken in agricultural circles, in the State and Governmental machinery devised and set in motion for the farmer's benefit. Agricultural colleges have enlarged their work so as to be of greater usefulness to their neighborhood; rural schools have increased their local farming activities; public schools in many cities have included, for the first time, an agricultural course in their curricula; corn, pig, poultry and canning clubs are being formed among the farmers, and village and county fairs are regaining their former importance. And among the recent developments is the division of the United States Department of Agriculture into separate bureaus to care for the various interests of the men and women of the farm, and to teach them greater efficiency in the production, handling and marketing of their crops and live stock.

One of the most interesting phases of this country-wide movement is the help which these educators are giving to the children on the farm, and, in fact, to the boys and girls of every village and rural community who wish to take advantage of expert aid. The work is naturally of immense value, not only to the children themselves but to the whole nation. It means the stimulation of Young America's interest and enthusiasm in agricultural pursuits; it means the encouragement of healthful outdoor exercise in the boys and girls of towns as well as farmland, and the development that comes from useful creative work and personal contact with Nature. It means, too, the counter-acting of the lure of the city and the keeping of young folk on their

UNCLE SAM AND THE COUNTRY CHILDREN

own farms in happy, profitable industry, so that they will eventually become expert farmers and successful housewives on fertile acres and comfortable homesteads of their own.

The fact that the Department of Agriculture is the headquarters for much of this important work naturally is a source of no little incentive and pride to these girls and boys. Thousands of them all over the land are looking eagerly toward Washington for advice and practical help in the forming of their little clubs and the carrying on of their miniature farming and poultry raising. They feel that "Uncle Sam" is something more than a national nickname. It stands for a friendly, personal power ready to reach out a guiding hand to little would-be farmers, ready to answer promptly and frankly any queries that may be sent in, and to give each young worker the benefit of expert, scientific counsel—even to send out teachers to organize clubs and help put the various experimental industries on a practical basis.

WHAT could be more encouraging to the farm and village children's imaginative minds than this friendship of theirs with official circles! Surely it is no wonder that they respond so eagerly and ambitiously in their efforts to produce pigs or poultry, eggs or vegetables that will win one of the tempting prizes or, at least, prove a source of satisfaction and financial profit! And while this work is yet only in its initial stages, the beginning has been so promising, and the public interest so keen, that there is no reason why this coöperation between the farm boys and girls of America and the Department in Washington should not eventually develop into one of the most constructive phases of governmental work.

One instance of the active share which the Department is taking in this work may be found in the Bureau of Animal Industry, which has directed its efforts, for the past two years, toward the forming of boys' and girls' poultry clubs. These are now organized in several States—Virginia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky.

The first of these clubs was started in Virginia in nineteen hundred and twelve, and the movement has proved even more popular than was expected, the children having shown great interest in the work since its inception. It has not been the purpose of the Department to see how many clubs it was possible to form, but to start them in a few counties in which it was thought good progress could be made, and thus lay a foundation for future work. Three counties were chosen, therefore, in which eleven clubs were formed, consisting of about two hundred members who pursued the course of study and carried out the instructions laid down by the Department officers.

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This consisted of reading the Department bulletins, writing compositions on poultry management, followed later by the actual work of securing sittings of eggs from standard-bred stock and raising the chicks.

During the winter, meetings of the clubs were held, and among other things the children were taught the value of producing the infertile egg and how to grade and pack eggs properly for market. The feeding and management of the flock, the construction of inexpensive poultry buildings, the selection of stock, and the care of the hen while sitting, were also taken up. In several instances, the instructor in charge of the club work assembled the children on Saturday on one of the farms in their neighborhood and gave them a practical demonstration on how to set a hen, feed the chickens and care for the poultry houses. This feature is a most valuable part of the work and is being developed to a greater extent each year.

Another feature of the club work that is being developed is that the parents, especially the mothers, attend all club meetings, as much of the information given the children is of great value to the mothers in caring for the farm flock, the women, in a large measure, being the ones who look after the poultry on the farms. In this way, not only the children are interested in better poultry but the parents as well.

It is part of the work of the agent in charge to get in communication with the breeders of the section in which the club is formed who have standard-bred stock from which they will sell eggs to the children at a price not to exceed one dollar a sitting, in many instances the price is from fifty to seventy-five cents, so that when the actual work of procuring a sitting of eggs begins, the children can be informed where eggs from good stock may be obtained at a price within reach of practically all club members. In forming clubs the following year, the agent, instead of directing the members of the new clubs to the breeders of their community, encourages those new members to purchase a part of their eggs from the members who joined the club the year before, in this way creating a market for many sittings of eggs from the original club members.

In the three counties referred to, about three hundred dollars in cash was awarded as prizes to the poultry club members at the different exhibitions in which their stock was shown, and, in addition, many valuable poultry appliances were awarded. The grand prize of a free trip to Washington with all expenses paid, and a diploma presented by the Secretary of Agriculture for the club member who did the best work, was won by Wilson Ford, Church Road, Virginia, who also had the distinction of being the first member of a poultry club to receive this prize.

UNCLE SAM AND THE COUNTRY CHILDREN

AT the State fair recently held in Richmond, Virginia, the first exhibition of poultry raised by members of the boys' and girls' poultry clubs was held; this exhibit numbered about one hundred and fifty birds, and was a feature of the poultry show in the main poultry building. Besides several handsome silver cups and other special prizes donated by public-spirited citizens of the State, the club members competed for and received the same prizes from the fair association as the other exhibitors, but did not have to compete with them. This generous treatment by the Virginia State Fair officials is an incentive for the children to raise better poultry, and many of the club members are at present planning for larger and better exhibits the coming year.

Some idea of the importance of the poultry industry, and the need of greater economy and efficiency in its practice, may be gained from the fact that many millions of dollars are lost in this country annually by the improper handling of eggs—a fault that the junior poultry clubs will help to remedy. It is also worth noting that strictly fresh eggs command a higher price than those commonly designated as store eggs, and, if the farmer, who is the largest producer of this perishable commodity, would take more care in selecting, grading and marketing his product, he would receive a price higher than the average he now has. Here again, the clubs will prove helpful. On many farms throughout the country, the money derived from the sale of poultry and eggs buys the groceries and clothing for the entire family, and the income from this source may be substantially increased by establishing a private trade in eggs of good quality with hotels and restaurants in neighboring towns and cities. The egg and poultry industry, therefore, is well worth developing by the farmer and his wife as well as by the boys and girls, and all who are interested in the organizing of clubs can obtain information and suggestions by simply writing to the Bureau of Animal Husbandry, Washington, D. C.



THE TALE OF THE WINDSOR CHAIR: BY JAMES THOMSON



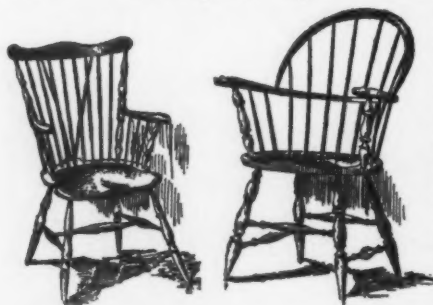
HIS tale, like many another based on tradition, has been variously reported, but the following version will doubtless serve as well as another.

Once upon a time, a King of England while hunting became somehow separated from his train. To make matters worse, a storm arose. In this exigency the only available shelter from the elements was a rude hut belonging evidently to a shepherd, woodsman, swineherd or some one of like humble occupation, and the royal huntsman could not well do other than take refuge in the lowly abode. As the hut was scantily furnished, and boasted but a single chair which the rustic in his hours of ease had managed in a rude way to fashion, the King sat in that—and what is more remarkable, found it most conducive to comfortable feeling. Like many another article of domestic importance evolved in primitive conditions by the pressure of need, the seat most admirably fulfilled its function. So comfortable in fact was it, so restful to a weary body, that the monarch was quite loth to leave it. As its admirable qualities could be best conserved by having a duplicate made, he gave orders that this should be done. From this circumstance we are asked to believe that this type of chair has descended the centuries to us under the Windsor designation—under royal “hall mark” as it were.

This will do well enough for a story, but is quite unlikely to be true for the very good reason that if the King had thus favored an article of furniture we may be very sure fashion would have



HIGH BACK WINDSOR
CHAIR OF COLONIAL
PERIOD: FIG. 1.



MODELS OF WINDSOR CHAIRS IN READING ROOM OF
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY: FIGS. 2 AND 3.

promptly marked it for its own, even if it were ugly—which this chair was not. For the King in those days set the style as he is apt to do to a less extent at the present time, and had the monarch in question thus fallen in love with the chair of a rustic, the seal of kingly approval would have been upon it for many a century afterward.

What, however, are the facts? If the Windsor chair is today

THE TALE OF THE WINDSOR CHAIR

found in patrician homes it is only in the quarters devoted to the servants. The same is true in palace, hall, castle keep and manor. Throughout the British Isles this type of chair is found in taverns and public houses, and among plain people in town or country, being a favorite with farmer folk and the yeoman class. It has been so in America also. Always, until comparatively few years ago, the chair has been made in inexpensive woods to suit the pockets of people of moderate means.

Reverting to the story of the King and shepherd—in the novel of "Ivanhoe" Sir Walter makes King Richard of England spend the night *incognito* in the humble abode of *Friar Tuck*. Numberless, too, are the tales told of James the



WINDSOR CHAIR OF QUEEN ANNE PERIOD: FIG. 5.



WINDSOR CHAIR SIMILAR TO THOSE IN YE OLD REINE DEERE HOTEL, BANBURY, ENG.: FIG. 4.

When he wanted an easy chair he took note of his own impressions in the haymow and tried to fashion the seat to conform therewith. He scooped out the plank-seat of pine to conform with his own anatomy, the evidence of which we have with us today in the Windsor type of chair. In like manner, not many centuries ago, in baronial hall a board on trestles served for a dining table. The need arose for a place upon which to set dishes temporarily when diners were at meals, and behold the "sideboard" was introduced, being at first no more than a simple board set against the wall

Fifth of Scotland—how as jolly beggar, wandering fiddler, or the Goodman of Ballengeigh, he went about among his people—usually the simple peasants—much to his pleasure and amusement, no doubt. "The King may come the cadger's way" is a well worn saying in Scotland. Tales of Kyng and Hermite, the King and the Tanner of Tamworth, the King and the Miller of Mansfield, have a likeness to our story of the King and the peasant of Windsor. They doubtless have had a common origin.

When a simple peasant undertook to turn out an article of domestic utility such as a chair, the simplest and most direct means naturally appealed to him.



GRACEFUL OLD WINDSOR MODEL: FIG. 6.

THE TALE OF THE WINDSOR CHAIR

and supported like the main table by trestles. Among the plain people, until chairs of the Windsor type were introduced, seats were most uncomfortable, straight in the back and without stuffing. When comfort was wanted for the old or ailing, resort was had to a "wool-sack" or cushion.

The Windsor chair, as it has come down to us, is doubtless a product of evolution at no one time being perfected, nor by any single individual. I can imagine the plain plank-seat in the first instance being whittled gradually away by clever individuals in order to make it easier for the thighs. By and by the center of the seat was scooped out by some maker more enterprising than the rest, the idea being suggested to him doubtless by the impression left by the sitter in a yielding material. At any rate, in some old chairs the scooping out of the seat admirably conforms with the human form. In one instance a chair came my way having a seat two and a half inches thick. At the deepest part the sinkage was two inches. In what lies the secret of the comfort-imparting qualities of such chairs? In the dipping down of the seat at the back, in the saucer shape thereof, the position of the arms, and the inclination of the back. One's weight inclines one backward; hence the whole body is rested.

No chair can be easy save as the seat is lower at the back. When the seat of a lounging, reading or sewing chair is parallel with the floor, the maximum of comfort is impossible. These old chairmakers seemed to grasp this fact, and when they turned out armchairs intended to be used in hours of ease, they paid attention to this principle.

In the reading rooms of the Public Library of the City of Boston the chairs are fashioned after the manner of Figure 3. The eminent architects of that magnificent edifice evidently could not design a chair to better serve their purpose. I recognize the wisdom of their choice both as regards the model and the ebonized oak in which the library chairs are made. One little improvement has been ventured. The curvilinear back railing has the flat surface of the front molded. The arm terminals have also been appropriately molded and scrolled.

In Figure 4 is depicted an interesting English example from "Ye Olde Reine Deere" hotel, Banbury. This is from a room in pure Elizabethan,



WINDSOR CHAIRS OF LIGHTER TYPE: FIGS. 7 AND 8.

THE TALE OF THE WINDSOR CHAIR



COLONIAL EXAMPLE: FIG. 9.

a fine example of the period. The earliest English Windsor chairs seem to have been made with splatted backs. Were any such made by Colonial craftsmen? I cannot recall having seen any. In Figure 5 is shown a chair of Queen Anne's day. It has a Dutch appearance both in the bandy legs and a certain heaviness of effect. It has none of the lightness to be seen in chairs of Colonial origin, and is for this reason the more interesting as an exhibit.

As regards lightness of effect, the Colonial craftsmen assuredly improved on mother-country methods. They were evidently not satisfied to simply duplicate English models, but managed to improve on them both as regards design and execution. The Colonial maker of inexpensive chairs in his output displayed not only marked originality, but excellent taste as well. Some of the cheap light chairs of Colonial times have been copied by present-day makers, and when enameled or fashioned in choice woods, leave nothing to be desired for fashionable bedrooms.

To improve on Colonial chair designs is difficult, as many a modern designer who has attempted it will admit. It is something like the Colonial house, a plain building with all the ornament in the doorway, and when we attempt to embellish it we fail. The simple chairs of those days are probably appreciated among people of taste today as never before.

Not until the eighties of the last century were Windsor chairs made other than in birch, maple and the like. Some thirty years ago a few of our makers began turning out chairs of the Windsor and other Colonial patterns in mahogany. Now such chairs are to be found in the homes of people of wealth and substance. Made true to type and in the honest manner of the oldtime hand-craftsman, the chairs may seem costly when compared with others where everything is sacrificed to cheapness.

To appreciate the good and desirable in cabinetwork is not given to every one. The fine points both in design and execution are lost to the many. One cannot go far wrong, however, if choice be made of beautiful old forms such as are here delineated. Any first-class furniture establishment can be depended upon to supply the wants

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TYPICALLY ENGLISH: FIG. 10.

RECIPE FROM ELFLAND

of clients in this special line. Chairs peculiarly English in type would require making to order.

Figures 7 and 8 represent a type of lightly constructed though strongly built chairs found from time to time in New England States, but the latter of these is not very common. Chairs like Figure 7 varying considerably in small particulars are usual enough among old Puritan families in the vicinity of Boston. For armchairs they are small, an average man or woman fitting snugly into them. They are for this reason very comfortable, pressing against and supporting the body at every point. Such chairs painted in white or color, or made in mahogany, are very suitable for parlor or reception hall.

Figure 2 is also a satisfactory type of chair and most suitable for a lady. For a high-backed chair no more graceful model can be found than Figure 6.

RECIPE FROM ELFLAND

IN juice of mandrake and of cherry
Steep a wild ripe trillium berry:

Honey-horns of columbine

Sweetest at the tips,

Mingle next within the wine:

Then of briar-rose hips

One or two for spicier savor,

And a clover-top to flavor.

In acorn-cup or foxglove bell

Seal the wine and watch it well:

When three moons have come and gone,

Add a moon-parched seed

Gathered at the peep o' dawn

From the jewel-weed:

Strain the vintage carefully

Through a leaf of rosemary.

Let this, when duly passed upon,

Be set aside for Oberon.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

MAKING FARM LIFE POPULAR: WHAT MINNESOTA IS DOING FOR HER OWN YOUTH: BY MAURICE I. FLAGG



THE awakening of responsibility, whether it be in an individual or a nation, is always a significant step along the highway of progress. And there are many signs in America today of such awakening, in both citizens and Government. Not the least important among the latter is the alert and sympathetic attitude of our great northwestern State of Minnesota—an attitude which its now famous State Art Commission is expressing in practical and vigorous terms for the benefit of the people, old and young, of city, town, village and farm.

In a manner that is probably new among the annals of legislative history—in this country, at least—the State of Minnesota, through this Art Commission, has assumed the immense responsibility of bringing education, efficiency and happiness into the lives of its people. It is waging an active campaign along many lines for the betterment of home conditions. It is furnishing the farmers of Minnesota with complete working drawings and specifications of “model farm homes” planned for comfort and beauty and economy—one of which was illustrated in a previous issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Recently two other competitions were completed, one for a “model farm-yard” and the other for a “model village house”—all of which material will be made available to the people of the State. And in addition to these practical activities, the Commission has organized industrial art classes and lectures for the teaching of handicrafts to the boys and girls, the young men and young women of the State.

The Commission gives, moreover, one of the largest annual art exhibitions held anywhere in the United States. This exhibit is sent to a number of small cities and towns, and prizes and awards are made—to Minnesota workers—which amount to fifteen hundred dollars yearly. This year a noted jury is being brought from outside Minnesota, composed of Chicago artists: Lorado Taft, sculptor; Walter Marshall Clute, painter; Ralph Clarkson, painter, and Miss Bessie Bennett, craftsman. These jurors pass upon all the objects which come into the exhibition; they also return written criticisms and helpful advice to any Minnesota artist, craftsman or other exhibitor who may desire it. This direct method has been most helpful, and gives people in the rural districts and far corners of the State the benefit of expert assistance.

A movement as significant and as successful as this is well worth studying, for it is closely linked with human interests and touches the general welfare of the nation far more widely and deeply than its

A NEW FARM LIFE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



HANDICRAFT GUILD IN LITCHFIELD, MINN., FORMED BY THE MINNESOTA STATE ART COMMISSION.

local efforts might at first suggest. But before looking into the work in detail, it is interesting to glance back briefly into our country's history, and note how this "State" responsibility originated, and what relation it has to our social and personal affairs; for like most institutions it had its beginning in primitive soil.

FIRST, of course, came the discoverers, the explorers and the pioneers, whose enthusiasm and courage in the face of unknown danger blazed the trail for future conquest and settlement. Then came the colonists—little shiploads of plucky men and women who sought the beckoning shores of the strange New World for various reasons—some to escape from religious and political tyranny at home, others for the enterprise of trade, and others still from sheer love of adventure and eagerness to plant their monarch's flag in lands beyond the sea.

One by one, little colonies and groups were founded, wherever a sheltering harbor and promising land invited, and the Indians did not prove too hostile. Dotted along the coast and creeping gradually farther inland in the wake of the fighter and pioneer, there arose the improvised dwellings of the settlers—in the beginning rude huts and barricades for defense and shelter; later on, simple, stoutly built cottages and farmhouses and barns. And later still, as the colonies grew in size and number, were added schools, meeting houses, churches and town halls and other varied developments of a more complex form of civilization.

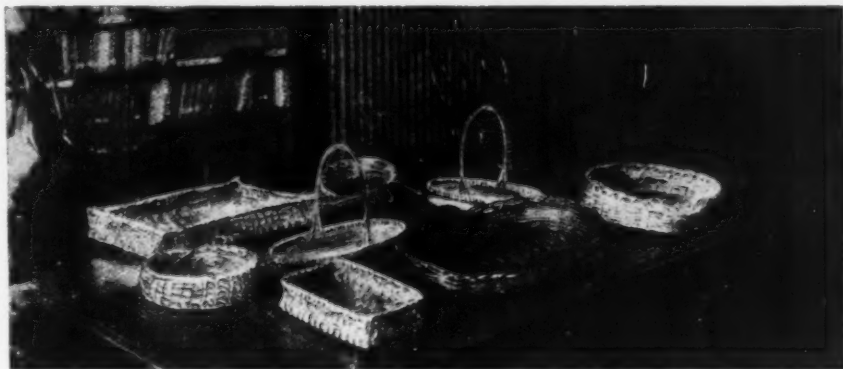
Partly on account of geographic conditions, and partly through differences in nationality, creed, customs and purposes, natural

A NEW FARM LIFE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

boundary lines arose—at first vague ones, separating the communities and villages and embryo towns; later growing more definite as local factions and local governments took clearer form. In some of the colonies representative governments were maintained, in which all the officers as well as the entire legislature were chosen by the people, while other provinces such as Virginia and New York were known as “royal,” and were managed largely by appointees of the Crown, the general population choosing only members of the legislature. In seventeen hundred and seventy-six, the thirteen colonies declared their independence, and other communities or territories were admitted to the Union after that under the provisions of the Constitution.

The present division of the country into States, under the general head of a Federal Government, is thus the result of a normal, one might almost say inevitable, growth, and it is interesting to observe that today the relation of the citizen to the State Government is far closer than to the National Government. For the former includes nearly the whole domain of civil and religious liberty, education, suffrage, domestic relations, professions, trades, contract relations, administrations of the criminal law and many other social and business affairs that are of vital concern to both the individual and the public at large.

This being the case, our citizens naturally look to their own particular State for such protection and active interest as they feel entitled to in the development of their personal and collective life. And although there is still vast room for radical improvement, in many cases the State has responded to such appeal more or less effectively, and in addition to its legal duties has taken an active share in the



BASKETS MADE BY FARM GIRLS WITH THE AID OF THE RURAL INDUSTRIAL ART COMMISSION.

A NEW FARM LIFE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

encouragement of useful industries, the improvement of civic and rural conditions and the general education and betterment of the population. But it is doubtful if any one State has attempted or accomplished so much in the stimulation of industrial art, particularly among farming communities, as Minnesota and its State Art Commission.

NOW Minnesota has a population of two million, five hundred thousand people. Three-fourths of them are craftsmen, artists and workers in many other walks of life who have brought to the State, from abroad, artistic trades and handicrafts which found little or no encouragement until ten years ago, when the State Art Commission was created by the Legislature. This Commission, which is one of a few in the United States that have an appropriation from the Legislature, has been actively at work correlating this Old World art heritage with New World conditions. It has demonstrated, too, that art is just as needful for the all-round development of people in the rural districts as for those who enjoy the advantages of culture in the cities.

During the last four years, thanks to the Commission's efforts, art exhibitions of various kinds have been constantly circulating from city to town and village, in fact, throughout the entire State. One of these exhibitions is that of "Industrial Art," illustrating home industries, handicrafts and furnishings, with special emphasis placed upon the relation of these to the home environment. By this medium is shown how people living on the farm can direct both hand and brain along lines of real craftsmanship, and thus bring greater interest and beauty into rural life.

Another important motive lies behind the Commission's attitude toward home industries. One of the problems in Minnesota at the present time is, not "how to get back to the farm," but rather "how to keep the young people on the farm when city life offers so many attractions." The answer is a simple one and seems to have been solved, in part, by the Minnesota State Art Commission: Make home life more attractive; give the young people, as well as the grown folks, an opportunity to use their energies, both manual and mental, in the creation of useful and lovely things.

The Commission argues, moreover, that maximum efficiency consists not only in solving at all times life's so-called practical problems, but rather in solving them in such a way that the greatest amount of happiness will be derived therefrom. And this means self-expression. Will not people, old and young, be more contented if they can experience the joy of giving form to their own ideas in individual terms of

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beauty? Will not the deadly monotony, the lack of diversion, the isolation of present rural life disappear when a stimulus is furnished for creative achievement? Will not handicrafts and industrial arts serve the two-fold purpose of meeting material needs and producing personal and social happiness?

These questions have been answered in the affirmative by a rural industrial art class which was instituted in Minnesota last summer, and which met with marked success. The outcome of one of the traveling exhibits resulted in sending to the town of Litchfield, which has a population of about two thousand five hundred, an industrial art teacher. The demand came from the town itself, voiced by a committee of business men and women who argued that industrial art might be made a social factor in the town; that it would direct the interest of the young people along much more helpful channels than the diversified attractions which existed.

A class was organized and limited to twenty-five members, this being as many students as one teacher could comfortably instruct. The class was composed mostly of young women, and they were allowed to select their own crafts—weaving, leather, basketry or needlework. The yarn for the weaving of the rugs was obtained from local woolen mills and was of a superior quality. The students were taught to dye the yarn, and were instructed in the use of good colors and their combinations.

MANY of the pupils requested instruction in a number of the crafts, and so eager were they to gain this knowledge that work began in the early morning and continued until late evening. Even then the students were not content, but worked upon their various industries at home. Classes were held in the public library, and the instructor reports that many of the students came before the building was opened and waited patiently at the doors for the class work to begin.

Instruction was furnished by the State Art Commission, particularly in design, the idea being to teach the students the use of both hand and brain along interesting creative lines. Lectures were given by the instructor daily, demonstrating the relation of these industries to the home. The lectures included discussions also of the relation of these industries to larger problems in art.

The students in the class of basketry were shown the need of this form of craft work, and how its evolution came about. Art needlework opened up the field for the teaching of the history of embroideries, laces, fabrics and dress. These lectures were all fully illustrated by slides. The students were likewise taught the economic

A NEW FARM LIFE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



MINNESOTA FARM GIRLS WEAVING: THIS CLASS IS ONE OF MANY ORGANIZED BY THE STATE. value of the industries, and the Commission found a market for work that was sufficiently meritorious in workmanship and design.

A permanent organization was formed in Litchfield called "The Handicraft Guild" to foster the local interest in these subjects. The State Art Commission was active in rendering assistance to the Guild last winter, and the outcome of the class effort was a collection of work sent to the Annual State Art Exhibition. One of the young women was given the first prize for weaving, the award being made by a jury of note from without Minnesota.

"Down at New Ulm, Minnesota, not so long ago," reads one report, "a community of women were making lace. The workers would roll up the product of their nimble fingers, take it to the country store, and exchange it for sugar and coffee. Lace-making was an 'old country' occupation, however; it was 'behind the time.' Mother might keep at it, but daughter would not. Yet today, it is yielding these same women hundreds of dollars a year; daughter is content to stay at home and earn money for pretty clothes; new lace patterns have been introduced, and New Ulm has a distinctive place in the field of modern applied art." The State Art Commission has opened markets for this lace product in Boston, Chicago and Seattle.

The Commission has its galleries in the Old Capitol Building, St. Paul. These galleries are not permanent homes, however, for pictures and other objects; the Commission owns nothing which it does not circulate for the benefit of the population. Its policy is one of active coöperation with the people, and its aim is to bring into the daily lives of all, in an interesting tangible way, the manifold practical forms of art.

VOLUNTEER CITIZENS: THE YOUNG PEACE ARMY OF AMERICA AS DEVELOPED THROUGH THE BOY SCOUTS: BY S. A. MOFFAT

NATIONAL FIELD SCOUT COMMISSIONER



HERE is something peculiarly stirring about the vision of a band of young people gathered together for a great common cause. How our sympathies were roused, back in the old schooldays, by that thirteenth-century story of the Children's Crusade! How our imagination was kindled by the thought of those fifty thousand little volunteers who, inspired by the great wave surging over Europe, left their homes in France and Germany and set forth, unarmed but unafraid, for Jerusalem, to win back the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the conquering Saracens!

We are far removed, today, from such old-time fanaticism. Our religion, as Dr. Frank Crane once remarked, is a matter not of incense but of soap. While we still have our fighters, they are men and women who are concerned with the cleansing of our social and civic systems rather than with relics of the past. But even now the New World has its counterpart of that eager army. We find our modern young crusaders in the Camp Fire Girls and the Boy Scouts of America—two youthful, enthusiastic bands that have spread across a whole continent their ideals of helpful comradeship and practical achievement.

The value to the nation of these organizations as builders of a conscious citizenship is evident when one sees how closely the young people's interests are linked with those of the community. This is particularly significant in the case of the Boy Scouts, whose active share in civic and State activities has become, during the last few years, a really vital and progressive factor in many sections of the country.

The Boy Scouts are three hundred thousand strong, not counting the eight thousand scout masters and assistant scout masters. Everyone knows in a general way, what they stand for—their camps and sports and outdoor activities, the badges and honors awarded for special attainments in education, industry and art. But less well known is the work they do in coöperation with city and State officials to promote the cleanliness, health and happiness of the people in their own particular neighborhood, to aid the State in forestry, bird and animal conservation, and to volunteer their services wherever they can aid the cause of public welfare.

An organization of boys and young men who are willing and eager thus to translate their ideals and theories into definite terms of action, to sacrifice their own comfort and leisure for the general good, is no small asset to the nation, and it is worth while to glance a moment

VOLUNTEER CITIZENS

at a few of the ways in which the boys have accomplished their work.

In the cities and towns all over the country, Boy Scouts who wish to taste the adventures and responsibilities of active citizenship go to the mayor and ask how they can help. The mayor is pretty sure to be interested by their boyish eagerness, and sets them gladly to work. He gets his public health officers and his policemen to coöperate with the Scouts in whatever undertaking seems most needful. They start, for instance, with a general "clean-up" campaign. The city is divided into districts, each in charge of a scout master, who, in turn, marks off sub-districts, placing each in charge of a scout patrol. They make tours of inspection and report to the board of health all places where there is uncollected garbage, stagnant water, unsightly vacant lots and ill-kept backyards and alleys. Then they take the health officers around and help them clean up the city, thereby not only learning a lesson themselves in civic sanitation and management, but stimulating in even the most indifferent members of the population a desire for hygiene and beauty. On one occasion the New York branch of the Boy Scouts had a "clean-up" campaign, and boys from certain troops went to the Ghetto and other East-side sections. They were so energetic in clearing away refuse and debris from backyards, roofs and fire escapes that the people themselves became interested and gave most enthusiastic aid.

In some cities, anti-fly campaigns were started by the Scouts, and in one place, in Canada, they accomplished wonders with the help of the cabmen. In New York, this work has been done in coöperation with the City Board of Health and the Museum of Natural History. Posters were printed and distributed, and moving pictures were made showing the ravages of flies as carriers of disease, instructing people how to get rid of them by poison and traps, and how to prevent their breeding. All over the country, the Scouts visited owners of livery stables and dirty backyards, and persuaded them to sign blanks promising that, with the aid of the Boy Scouts, they would clean up their premises, get rid of manure, garbage, etc., and do their share in the movement toward cleaner cities. The results were well worth the efforts.

The protection of milk, meat and other foods from dust and flies is another matter to which the Boy Scouts give their attention, for they know that unprotected eatables are a source of danger to the public health. They find out what laws have been passed in their town or district for such protection, and how the people are living up to the laws. If there are no regulations of this kind, their investigations are often influential in creating a demand for proper legislation.

VOLUNTEER CITIZENS

The fighting of actual disease is another phase of Boy Scout activity, and cooperating with health societies and hospitals they distribute posters describing the dangers of unhealthy environment, impure food, and the precautions that should be taken to avoid contagion. In a number of the smaller towns, the boys who have studied "first aid" are allowed by the police to take a practical part in caring for injured persons and warning people on matters of public safety. During conventions, some of the Scouts also frequent the railroad stations, meet trains and act as guides to visiting strangers.

Bird protection is likewise encouraged among the Boy Scouts of America, and those who are interested in the wild feathered life of their district build sanctuaries and bird boxes in the parks and woodlands at the outskirts of the towns. Dr. Hornaday, of the Zoological Gardens of New York, finds the Scouts are active helpers in this field, and, as the camera takes the place of the gun with this young army, a good example is set to all the boys of the neighborhood.

The State of New Jersey has organized fish and game patrols of Boy Scouts, and has given them pins or medals denoting that they are deputy game wardens. The boys report any breaking of the rules for protection of fish and animals, distribute literature, and are of general assistance on the grounds. California is also taking up this work, and no doubt before long other States will follow suit.

In forestry the Boy Scouts are particularly valuable, and already seven States have availed themselves of this volunteer assistance. Michigan, in nineteen hundred and eleven, formed what was known as the Michigan Forest Scouts, and the State fire warden and deputy were both Boy Scout men. The boys study the laws in regard to forestry, and when proficient are given badges denoting that they are Forest Scouts and deputy fire wardens. They report all fires they happen to see, and as the country is connected by telephones they can communicate with the nearest warden and help him put out fires.

The value of this volunteer work to Michigan is shown by the following facts. In nineteen hundred and eleven, the loss from forest fires was one million, five hundred thousand dollars in that State alone. Two years later, however, the total loss was only two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, and the improvement was attributed mainly to the boys. Moreover, the loss was covered by the work of the Scouts in reforestation, for they set out a great many trees supplied by the State. West Virginia and New Hampshire are both especially interested in this work. These are only a few of the means by which the Boy Scouts of America are helping their country in her peaceful but strenuous fight for greater health, efficiency and happiness in town and village, meadow and forest land.

A MEMORY !



HE slow dawn of early spring crept over the wide sweet meadowland, the little farmhouse emerged from silver mists, the birds in the blossoming trees sent forth melodies born of creative ecstasy, the horizon line glowed pink and the windows of the cottage reflected the color as though fires were burning on the hearth, or candles had been lighted on the sills.

As the boy trudging down the cow path looked back, his heart stirred at the mystery and wonder of the morning. All his boyhood had been lived on this farm, and the glory of spring mornings, the warmth and fragrance of summer, the color and sadness of autumn, winter with its hard work and deprivations, its ecstasies and fresh radiance, all had melted into his heart, giving him standards of loveliness, furnishing him rare memories, enveloping his heart and soul until he was close to all that was beautiful in elemental Nature. He knew her sorrows, and her tragedies had caught and tortured him until he was old beyond his years, but just now as he looked out over the land that had been his life, only the joy remained with him, and the fire of imagination that a lonely boy finds in Nature's holy hours swept through his entire being and lifted him up to one of those moments of exquisite happiness that leads life to the very borderlands of the infinite. Always afterward, through his struggles out in the world, through his disappointments and sorrows, even through the great efforts that sometimes seemed sterile, the memory of this morning, the fragrance of the wild plum blossoms, the song borne to him from the throats of birds, from the chalices of the hedge blossoms served to freshen his existence; not only through youth and manhood, but through the shadowy ways of maturity, for to the creative spirit the older years only bring greater need of achievement, greater desire for development, not satisfaction, not ease.

Only the grave silent woman standing in the quiet doorway, face and spirit saturated with life's reticent loveliness, knew fully the heart of this boy, all his hopes and sorrows, his sufferings. She alone knew what this backward glance meant as it swept over hill and meadow, past the orchard, up through the little gateway to her very presence. His mother had lived very close to the lad, they had needed each other through days of work, of sadness, of much accomplishment. They had understood each other with the beautiful intimacy that is born in some lonely lives; just as in his infancy her strong spirit had shielded and encouraged him, so later his strong arms, his stout heart, his rare devotion had helped her both spiritually and materially. And this morning, when he was leaving her to face the world alone for the first time, he suddenly seemed very young again, her very little child.

A MEMORY

She yearned over him as a mother and a lover, she needed him still. For a moment her courage wavered and the boy stumbled in his steps. Memory was sweeping him back into her lonely arms. And then, as always in the past, her fine unconscious nobility conquered, and the boy fancying his feet, not his spirit, had stumbled, set his face resolutely toward the town.

IN speaking recently of this morning, the man said, "It has helped me to understand life. Memory, I sometimes think, has done more for me than all the encouragement that the world has ever been able to give. Not only memory of the beauty of those early days, but of the hardships, the work. Indeed without the hardships and many failures, my spirit would never have been chastened enough to become sensitive to all of Nature's beauty. The spring morning I left home would never have held such poignant joy for me if I had not known the keenness of effort, the biting cold of the winter mornings when I had to get up hours before dawn to make the fires, the long strain on the muscle as I held the plow, the care of the cattle, the planting of the garden, meeting of emergencies, the knowledge that my strength and my work helped those who could not labor in the same way for themselves. And always of course there was the rich intimacy with Nature in her wonderful moods that only a boy who is working with her from early morning till late at night can understand, and, in addition to Nature, I was strengthened by the beauty of my mother's character. It was impossible to know her and not to develop some worthiness of her love. Indeed in my response to the beauty of spring, summer, autumn, or winter, I always felt a fresh stirring of wonder over my mother's knowledge of life, her rare wisdom, her gentle encouragement, her quite unconscious devotion, and her sympathy for people who needed her help. Her life was filled with the sorrows and the cares that come to the earnest woman striving to make right and vigorous the lives of her children, to develop them through her own goodness, her own strong-hearted courage. I never heard my mother utter one complaining word, and never knew her to fail in perfect understanding, in sweet and beautiful kindness.

"Thus I have come to believe that sorrow and conflict and deprivation are all essential to the perfecting of normal human experience. Nature is our great teacher in all sane living, and Nature has proved conclusively that she intended us to work, to struggle with mental, spiritual and physical problems, to overcome difficulties in order to grow in strength and grace. Nature hides her treasures from us deep in the heart of the earth, her blossoms are mysteriously closed from

A MEMORY

man's eyes in inconceivably tiny seeds. Nature smiles at the marauding insect, she beckons the tornado and the avalanche, she permits war and famine; a nation destroys her patriots and friend betrays friend; all of this is not wanton, it is just the great grindstone on which the world is sharpened. It is all planned that the gnawing of the bone may whiten the teeth, that the effort of the hand on the plow may toughen the muscle, that man's need to subdue Nature may bring him an understanding of her ways, of his own strength and life's infinite beauty.

"It must be so. For if Nature had intended us to live in ease and plenty, we should have been fed in some miraculous way out of some vast universal granary, and clothed as the birds of the air and the beasts of the fields. But conflict was essential for us, and Nature always gives man what is necessary; gradually as we have developed in the scale of civilization we have learned to understand that conflict controlled intelligently is the only means by which the human race can develop. If we accept this statement, if we know Nature well enough to realize that in order to get the utmost from her we must work through her; we must learn her laws and find her beauties through the essential struggles which she furnishes, then it is inevitable that that portion of the race which escapes or refuses work must sooner or later degenerate. One of the first expressions of degeneration in man or woman is an artificial attitude toward life; as for instance the feeling that a man must retire from business to enjoy life, that a certain number of women must not work, must be protected from the big glowing splendid realities of life.

"We know as a matter of fact that sooner or later the artificial classes, the aristocracy, of every nation must perish. This is truth verified by the history of every nation that has produced a useless leisure class. Life permits the idle soul to become futile and idle bodies to become weak, and idle brains cruel and selfish. Nature will not be contradicted; nor will she accept apologies. Her laws for growth are inexorable. Through labor only does she permit real progress.

"The philosophy which I have gained from experience, as well as all that I have been able to accomplish through life, I owe to this early precept of my mother's (though possibly she never put it into a creed) *'that work was necessary; that joy could only come through work well done, and that I could only expect from life an equivalent of what I gladly and fully gave in meeting my obligations.'* It is quite possible that much of this knowledge of life I gathered up from my mother's *example*, from the beauty of her daily existence, for she was a silent woman, *living* rather than *preaching* and I find it hard sometimes to recall her words, but never hard to recall the great beauty of her simple life."

A NEW ZEALAND BUNGALOW THAT SHOWS THE TRUE CRAFTSMAN'S ART



IF a craftsman is to be successful he must base his efforts on essential principles. He can only be sure of himself after years of study and deep seeking. In other words, he must discover the relation of art to human life. With this rock for his foundation, he may speak, through the medium of wood and brick and stone, the truths that have come to him."

There is much wisdom in this simple statement of a craftsman's creed, and it is lent all the more weight because it comes from the pen and heart of one who has sought to embody its meaning in concrete form. It is the expression of a successful architect, a man who has himself thought and studied much, who plans and builds not only with due consideration for those who are to occupy his dwelling, but also in keen sympathy with the materials beneath his hand. He respects the individuality of each—and incidentally, in doing so, expresses his own.

The result, as the accompanying photographs show, is a building of sturdy charm, stamped, in spite of its simplicity—perhaps because of it—with a certain rare distinction that one does not meet in every bungalow. It is quaint, but not eccentric; unique, but not affected; fashioned with frank intention of material comfort, yet imbued with an atmosphere that is far from materialistic. For the spirit of home is there—the brooding quiet, the sheltering friendliness that comes with simple walls and solid woodwork, pleasant windows that gather air and sunlight, and furnishings that invite to sociability and rest.

The fact that this architect, Mr. J. W. Chapman Taylor, is a New Zealander, and the bungalow in question was designed and built by him for a family in New Plymouth, New Zealand, gives an additional interest to these illustrations, for it shows how wide and all-pervading is the architectural *zeitgeist* of today. This new home-building spirit, with its yearning for comfort, for simplicity and beauty, for sincere and earnest craftsmanship, is by no means limited to America and the countries of the Old World, but is stretching out into other continents and colonies and inspiring pioneers beyond other seas. It is infusing into a craft which modern industrial methods have commercialized, somewhat of the old-time ideals that guided the builders and artists and cabinetmakers of long ago. It is forsaking the cult of the machine-made and the gaudy, and hailing the rebirth of a half-forgotten art.

One cannot glance at these pictures of "Plas Mawr," this New Zealand bungalow, without feeling an echo of the home-ideals and the enthusiasm that must have gone into its conception and making.

NEW ZEALAND HOUSE IN CRAFTSMAN STYLE

Even the exterior, with its plain, light-reflecting walls, its casement windows nestling beneath the eaves, its broad sheltered entrance and sloping roof, suggests the unpretentious comfort and the artistic restraint one finds within. And the neat, inviting grounds with their well kept lawn, cobblestone wall with pergola above the walk, and fernery at the farther end, all hold a promise of vine-clad loveliness. For the house, one must remember, is a new one, and the garden has not yet had time to soften with foliage and blossoms the boundary line between art and nature.

IT is interesting to read the architect's description of this bungalow and see how he adjusted plans and materials to meet the needs of owner and site. The lot, it seems, was a triangular one, with its long side to the street, and the "motor house" and boundary wall were already built of river boulders laid in cement when the planning of the house was begun. The space being limited, the problem was to place the house so that while the rooms had sun and view the remaining ground would be left as much as possible in one broad piece.

The material chosen for the walls was ordinary building brick laid as smoothly as possible on the inside and roughcast outside to keep out the damp. The roof was covered with green slates, a few purple ones being introduced here and there to vary the color and surface—a plan that had already been adopted in the "motor house," and the repetition of which brought the two into harmony. Under the roof a large attic room was provided, twenty-eight feet long and twelve feet wide, with cupboards and a built-in window-seat to add to its convenience.

The ceilings were plastered between the beams, and the surface worked to a suitable texture with a brush while the plaster was still wet. The whole interior was distempered white, forming a pleasant contrast with the rich dark-colored jarrah wood of the trim, which was oiled and waxed. Concrete flags were used for the floor, laid on dry sand with cement-pointed joints, and small red tiles were set at the corners to give a brighter note. The floor was well waxed so that it would be pleasant to the tread and easy to keep clean.

For the structural timber work and the furniture, both movable and fixed, the jarrah wood was adze-hewn, mortised and tenoned together and fastened with wood pins, the heads of which project slightly, giving a decorative touch while adding to the effect of strength. In fact, the furniture is constructed on the lines followed by the old wagon-builders of England. It is strong, comfortable, with a certain primitive art that comes of itself when simple tools



"PLAS MAWR," A MODERN BUNGALOW OF UNUSUAL CHARM DESIGNED AND BUILT BY J. W. CHAPMAN TAYLOR, ARCHITECT, FOR MRS. C. H. BURGESS, NEW PLYMOUTH, NEW ZEALAND.

LIVING ROOM AND INGLENOOK WITH CRAFTSMAN FIREPLACE IN THE NEW ZEALAND BUNGALOW: A PLACE OF UNPRETENTIOUS CHARM THAT SHOWS IN EVERY DETAIL THE TOUCH OF SYMPATHETIC ARCHITECT AND CABINETMAKER.



A GLIMPSE INTO THE DINING RECESS OF "PLAS MAWR," REVEALING THE SIMPLE BEAUTY OF THE ADZE-HEWN WOODWORK AND THE RESTFUL ATMOSPHERE THAT PERVADES THE HOMELIKE ROOMS.

A BEDROOM CORNER IN THE BUNGALOW, WHERE CHINTZ CURTAINS ARE USED WITH PICTURESQUE EFFECT: THE CASEMENT WINDOWS AND CURTAINED DOORS ADD TO THE DECORATIVE INTEREST OF THIS DAINTY INTERIOR.

NEW ZEALAND HOUSE IN CRAFTSMAN STYLE

and human handiwork are employed. On seeing it one instinctively contrasts it with the modern machine-made type; for although the machine, by performing many mechanical operations such as the cutting of mortises, boring of holes or making of joints, can relieve the cabinetmaker of much labor, it can never form a substitute for the hand and spirit of the worker.

Realizing this, the maker of the woodwork and furniture for this bungalow, instead of using the planing machine to smoothe the surface of his wood, chose the more primitive adze, which gives to the surface a look of unevenness that lends individuality and charm. It brings out, moreover, the knotty, irregular nature of the wood, its odd little twists of grain, all those intimate, inherent qualities that remind one of the tree of which it was originally a part. As the architect of this bungalow has fancifully put it, "Even though our beams come to us mill-sawn, there is a better and more beautiful beam inside the sawn one; and it is this that the adzeman reveals when he hews away those parts which the blind machinery has left overlaying the beauty of the tree—just as the sculptor releases with his chisel the statue reposing in the marble block."

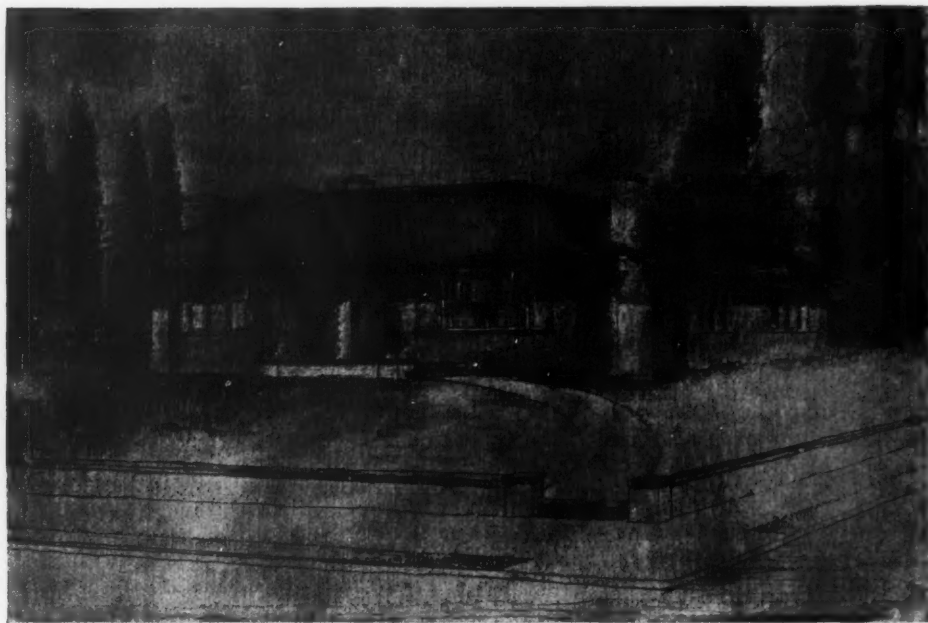
This principle, as Mr. Taylor reminds us, applies to all materials, from brick to jewels, and it was kept in mind during the designing and making of every detail of "Plas Mawr." Each part bears the impress of an individual hand, from the white-washed walls to the pottery on the mantelpiece.

It is particularly interesting—to us, at least—to discover in this bungalow many evidences of its owner's study of Craftsman designs. The post-and-panel construction between the rooms that lends such airy spaciousness to the interior; the frank treatment of each structural feature; the solid proportions and plain yet satisfying lines of the furniture; the elimination of unnecessary trim or ornament, and finally the Craftsman fireplace that strikes such a home-like note in the living-room inglenook—all reflect in their own fashion the source from which they were drawn.

Whichever way one turns something original and delightful greets one, whether it be the touch of brick in the window sills, the cushioned seats built around the walls of the dining recess, the chintz curtains and lamp-topped posts of the bedroom or the flower-filled vases that brighten table and shelf.

Yet with all the art that has been woven into this bungalow interior, there is no displeasing self-consciousness, no straining after the unusual or extreme. Whatever is unique and surprising seems rather the result of spontaneous enthusiasm and natural feeling for picturesqueness, ready sympathy with the materials, eagerness to make even the commonest detail a thing of loveliness.

BUNGALOW WITH UNUSUAL FLOOR PLAN



A WESTERN BUNGALOW OF PRACTICAL CHARM, WITH RARELY INTERESTING FLOOR PLAN: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

THE successful architect today is and must needs be an observing student. It does not take very long for him to realize the desirable features or structural lines of some particular style of architecture, and he is quick to make use of them. Of course, he possesses certain individual ideas and these are sure to manifest themselves in his work. It is this individuality, indeed, which is responsible for the broad variation in America's architectural types.

The little home illustrated by the accompanying sketch and plan is an interesting attestation to this fact. Although it was designed by Mr. Harold Bowles, a well known architect of Los Angeles, California, and the creator of many charming homes in and around that city, this bungalow, now in course of construction, shows definitely the Craftsman influence. And besides indicating the adaptability of this style it shows the recognition that Craftsman characteristics are given in a

AN EXCEPTIONALLY HOMELIKE BUNGALOW DESIGNED BY MR. HAROLD BOWLES, OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: BOTH EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR SHOW CRAFTSMAN INFLUENCE.

part of the country that is virtually the home of the American bungalow.

This little six-room dwelling is simple in its structural lines and unusually well designed. The roof is not so flat as is customary with the California bungalow, but the broad projections are maintained. The siding is to be of shingles and the chimneys of concrete with brick trimming and caps. Casement windows with lattice panes in the upper sash give a decorative touch to the walls, the only exception being the broad plate-glass window in the front, which affords an unbroken view from the living room.

Instead of the usual front porch or veranda, there is an 8 by 15 foot terrace of concrete and brick to correspond with the chimneys, and from this terrace the front door opens directly into the main room.

This large, airy living place possesses a big fireplace with built-in bookcases on each side and small windows above them, and the dining room contains a buffet of interesting design. These two rooms are exceptionally light and pleasant in arrangement, and the placing of the doors and windows affords many delightful vistas through

BUNGALOW WITH UNUSUAL FLOOR PLAN

the interior and out toward the surrounding garden.

Behind the living room are the bedrooms and bath, and a small hallway communicating with each, and on the other side of the plan, to the rear of the dining room, are the kitchen, maid's room and screen porch. A hall leads from the living room to the maid's room and opens also into the pergola-court with which the living room and front bedroom are connected.

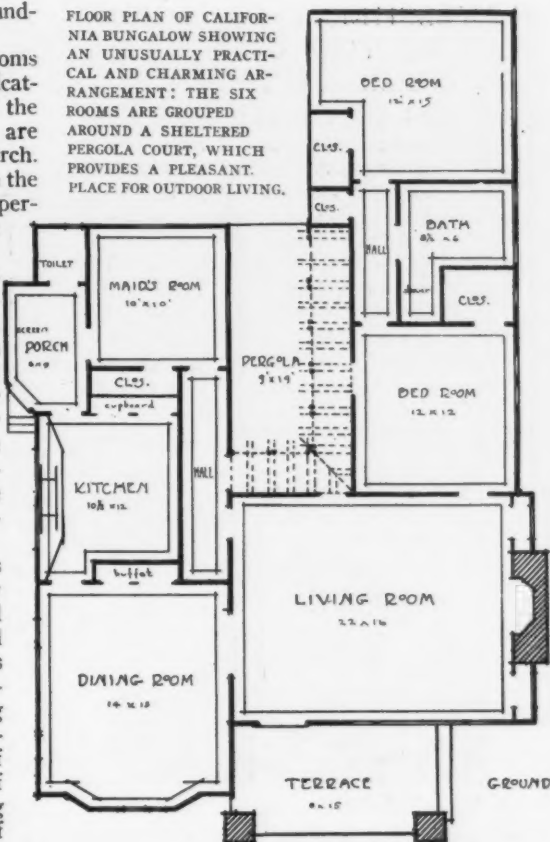
This court is probably the most attractive feature of the whole bungalow. It is floored with cement and shielded from sun and wind by the walls of the building as well as by the partial roof of pergola beams. As an outdoor living place it is an ideal little spot for its location and climate, and if it were to be used for meals it would be advisable to cut a door through from the kitchen to give more direct communication between the two.

The equipment of the interior is planned for simple comfort and easy housekeeping. The maid's room and family bedrooms have large closets, and in the hall which connects the bedrooms and bath a linen closet is built. Hardwood floors are to be used in the living room and dining room, and the woodwork of these two rooms will be of Oregon pine, finished in the color of fumed oak. The walls of the dining room will be paneled to a height of about five feet, and along the top of this paneling will run a plate rail. The bathroom is to have tile flooring, and the walls will be tiled to a height of three feet, while in the corner alcove a shower bath will be placed.

The bungalow, which is being constructed in Los Angeles under the supervision of the architect, will cost approximately \$2,700, which sum will include a hot-air furnace. The plan is to occupy a comparatively narrow corner lot, and the design is particularly suitable for such a location, for the building is equally interesting from the front and side, and the court being screened from the public view offers the privacy so desirable in an outdoor lounging retreat.

Altogether, both the floor plan and the exterior of this home present a most attractive combination of practical arrangement and artistic design. There is an element of picturesqueness about the place that, far from being achieved at the cost of comfort,

FLOOR PLAN OF CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW SHOWING AN UNUSUALLY PRACTICAL AND CHARMING ARRANGEMENT: THE SIX ROOMS ARE GROUPED AROUND A SHELTERED PERGOLA COURT, WHICH PROVIDES A PLEASANT PLACE FOR OUTDOOR LIVING.



seems to spring directly from the convenient plan, and Mr. Bowles is to be congratulated upon having devised so compact and homelike a bungalow in so small an area and at so moderate a cost.

This last point is a particularly interesting one, for a home such as that illustrated here shows very convincingly that money is not the chief factor in successful building. Many people would feel that \$2,700 would be an insufficient sum with which to erect a bungalow including so many conveniences—six comfortable rooms and their accessories as well as plenty of space for outdoor life. Yet the above plan shows that by thoughtfulness for the comfort of the prospective dwellers, combined with a sense of true economy, it is possible to devise a layout that will be at once simple and unique, and that will contain perhaps features of which many owners of larger and more expensive and elaborate homes would be actually envious.

TWO HOUSES BUILT AS ONE

DEVELOPMENT OF A HOME OUT OF TWO OLD HOUSES: BY ESTHER MATSON

THIS is why it simply had to be re-modeled. Firstly: it proved to be not one house, after all, but two houses set side by side, but never amalgamated. Secondly: it had no vestige even of the "very moderate conveniences" desired by the old poet Abraham Cowley. Thirdly: its interior, or rather its two separate interiors, were cheerless and unfriendly, boastful in the new part, of ghastly white plaster, and clinging for dear life in the old part, to the layers of musty wall paper. And finally, it stood on the hill in the most uncouth of attitudes. Crude and



ARCHITECTURAL ALTERATIONS ALONE WOULD NOT PROVE SATISFYING UNLESS FITTED INTO A SETTING OF GREENERY AND FLOWERS.



"WHY DID THEY BUY IT?"

self-assertive it seemed to cry out "What matter if I do spoil the landscape?" In short it was altogether out of tune.

And this is how it was treated.

First of all the roof of the larger building was changed. The ridge pole was turned completely around to make it carry out the line, though on a higher level, of the older house-roof. That had a graceful slope, seemed indeed, as Professor Warren puts it, "to brood over the tiny habitation," and therefore the slope of the new roof was made as gentle as possible in order to modify as well as might be the unlikeness of the two structures as well as their incompatibility of age.

Next it was discovered that the century-and-a-half part of the mass did not die a natural death, so to speak, at the end of the kitchen, but trailed off into a series of straggling outbuildings among which a summer kitchen, a chicken house and a shaggy dog house

were conspicuous features. These, with very little trouble, were cleaned up and "assembled" in such a fashion as to form, with the main house, a square court closed on three of its sides, but open on the fourth side to the sunset.

Next the chief veranda along the front of the large quarter-of-a-century house had its cramped dimensions enlarged; and a French casement leading onto it was substituted for the barricadelike front door.

And then, since even yet the relationship between the two houses appeared a little doubtful, the whole of the exterior,—roof, and walls and trim, received paint of a soft grayish green. The result was eminently worth while: glaring inequalities between old and new work were neutralized; the color brought the building into a better relation with the natural surroundings; and in fact the painful self-assertiveness of the



FROM THE ORIGINAL BUILDINGS WAS EVOLVED A HOSPITABLE-LOOKING RAMBLING COUNTRY HOUSE VINE-CLAD AND SET ROUND ABOUT WITH HEDGES, ROSES AND HONEYSUCKLES.

TWO HOUSES BUILT AS ONE

thing was toned down into a semblance at least of content in being part of a greater whole.

Within doors the first thing needful was to break down the partition which made the two houses distinct entities. The two narrow strips of hall which had stood so long side by side without ever looking each other in the face were thrown into one and to increase the sense of airiness the now fair-sized hallway was opened into the formerly stiff and stuffy and none too spacious "best room" or parlor. The effect was an astonishing illusion of added dimension, although in reality the place was not so much as a foot larger than before the alteration was made.

The two separate steep flights of stairs were torn out and one stairway with breaks and landings built in their place. Besides this, a dismal passageway on the second story of the little old house, after having a now useless wall cut away, became transformed into a tiny but romantic gallery that overlooked the front portion of the lower hall.

Few people realize what virtue there is in vistas, both indoors and out. Especially in a house planned for the country in summer is it scarcely possible to achieve too much airiness and freedom and conse-



SHOWING WHAT HEDGES AND VINES DID FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE PLACE.

quent unconventionality. Accordingly the more openings one can secure the better, whether of door or window; and here it may be observed that where a lavish use of sliding doors may seem too expensive an expedient it is often possible to get equivalent effects by the simpler device of two large but ordinary swing doors set together so that when folded back at each side the opening (being twice as wide as usual) affords a sense of generous spaciousness.

There is an old saying: never stand when you can sit, never sit when you can lie down. In remodeling the house in question this has been paraphrased to this effect: never keep a blank wall when you can have a window, and never have a mere guillotine window where you can make the space serve as both window and door, or—if not as a veritable door, at least as a casement capable of being truly opened instead of only shoved up and down. These are items that may, if one chooses, be counted among the moderate conveniences,—along with the bath, the kitchen paraphernalia and good drinking water.

It is a matter of fact that every one who knows the house concedes the character of this whilom freak-place to have been completely transformed. And if you stop to consider and analyze the thing you will find that it is chiefly because your attention is no longer confined to the house itself. Rather you are now lured on, from one room to another, and to a glimpse of still another beyond; from one door to another and still another,—the last one giving onto out of doors. Stepping, for instance, from the brick terrace into the shade of the entrance porch, you peer through the front door, un-



THE COURT, LOVED ALIKE BY THE PEOPLE AND BY THE HUMMING-BIRDS.

TWO HOUSES BUILT AS ONE



UPSTAIRS THE PASSAGEWAY TO THE WING-ROOMS WAS LEFT OPEN TO FORM A LITTLE GALLERY.

der the gallery and through the opening to the dining room, to a further door that opens directly into the little court. Or, from the large sitting room you may look past the staircase and through still a different door into the selfsame court. Or from a vantage in the dining room you may glance backward, through the double door that leads into the front hall, on through the front door and past the porch, beyond the brick steps and the grass path to the gate out to the world of sky and trees.

Upstairs, too, the south bedroom opens with French casements onto a small balcony or loggia, where you may step out, either to bask in the sun or to "take the view" over the heads of low-lying trees and across the Bay to the sand-dunes and the schooners plying the ocean.

I had almost forgotten to mention the treatment of the walls and woodwork. It goes without saying that the old paper was scraped and peeled away; but it was not so easy a task to decide upon a color scheme that should be both unobtrusive and unpretentious, yet should be thoroughly cool and clean and "non-demanding." Undeniably dark coloring would have seemed more in keeping with the mediæval structure of the rooms, but finally it was decided to give the woodwork a coating of glossy white and the walls a cream-colored flat tinting. As a result they proved cheerful and refreshing

and appropriate to the nearness of the sandy seashore. Best of all dust and dirt seemed to take a natural antipathy to this simple decoration, so that the caring for the house was reduced to a minimum.

Furnishing to be sure is another story, but a word about the library fitment may be suggestive because there not even one structural change was made and there the chairs and single table introduced were of extreme simplicity (both as regards outline and material. Yet the room gives one a pleasurable feeling of completeness,—a feeling due partly to the open fireplace and partly to the way the window curtains, of tawny Madagascar cloth with red and orange bands along the borders, carry the eye out into the court to meet a repetition of those same colors intensified and living in the blossoms of a luxuriant trumpet-vine.

This is but typical of the aim throughout, even in the matter of planting. Vines, for example, have been used not merely for a decorative purpose but in order to link the house and the grounds together. Always the endeavor has been to put comfort and coolness above fineness and display, to work toward a house that should not imprison the spirit but would rather help it take flights into the out of doors,—to make the house, in short, no longer a discord in its surroundings, but instead an added voice happy to pipe its little homely refrain in tune with Nature's mightier song.

UNCLE SAM'S OWN FARM

ARLINGTON FARM, near Washington, D. C., is the field laboratory of the Department of Agriculture, and the results of the work done there are of particular importance to the fruit-grower and gardener. On this place the scientists of the Bureau of Plant Industry grow fruits, vegetables, drug and forage crops for their experiments, and breed and test plants. The farm was originally a part of the estate of George Washington Park Custis, the adopted son of George Washington, and later the home of Robert E. Lee.

A large collection of fruit trees is maintained in connection with the pomological work and greenhouses are devoted to the problems of the florist and grower of vegetables under glass. The farm is thoroughly equipped with modern tools and machinery so that the various types of field experiments may be carried on to advantage.

A. GOVERNMENT SANITARY SYSTEM

A SIMPLE SANITARY SYSTEM FOR THE FARM HOME, OUTLINED BY THE GOVERNMENT'S RURAL ENGINEER

A SIMPLE and sanitary system of water supply, plumbing and sewage disposal is a most important and necessary feature for every farm home. Without it, the health of the family is in danger, however attractive and well arranged a farmhouse may be in every other respect. It is a matter that should not be postponed to a time when other matters do not press for attention, but should be considered the moment it is needed. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has just issued a bulletin giving a detailed description of a system suitable for the average farm, and will send a copy free to any farmer on application.

The new bulletin is the result of careful study. Convenience, comfort and economy have all been considered and they may all be obtained if the suggestions given are applied with care and common sense. If the farmer has neither the time nor skill to install the system suggested, a reliable plumber, a pump expert or a sanitary engineer should be employed.

The system recommended by the Government's rural engineer has four distinct features. It provides for a pure water supply; for pumping, storage and distribution of water supply; for a durable and simple plumbing system, and a safe disposal for farm sewage. These features are described in detail in the bulletin, which consists of 46 pages and contains 38 figures and diagrams with a number of tables which make the subject clear.

A pure water supply is one of the most important factors in farm life today, as typhoid fever, dysentery and other disorders may be carried by impure waters. Farm water supplies are very often subject to pollution. Of 79 typical supplies in Minnesota, investigations showed that 20 were good and 59 polluted, chiefly from surface sources.

Surface water supplies should not be used for household purposes, or for washing milk cans—not even for laundry purposes unless no other supply is available. Rain water from the roof is often polluted by dust, leaves and the droppings from birds. Any person who drinks water from

surface supplies endangers his health if such supplies are not adequately protected and then purified.

Where underground waters are hard to obtain, cisterns may be used where the store of rain water and surface supplies will be filtered and partially purified. The cistern should be of water-tight construction to prevent leakage and danger from the neighboring soil. It should have an overflow drain and a tight cover, and there should also be suitable provision for straining or filtering the water previous to its entrance to the cistern.

Farm wells are often polluted from local sources such as a nearby stable or barn, or there may be inadequate covering over the opening. The farm well, especially when shallow, should be somewhat above the barnyards and stock pens, or at least away from harmful surface drainage.

If local conditions and prices will permit, it is a good idea to provide impervious floors with water-tight drains for farm buildings and stock pens. Concrete manure pits might also be used, not only to prevent the liquid manure from polluting the neighboring ground but to save the manure.

The house should be provided with some safe method of sewage disposal, while slops and garbage from the kitchen should be deposited in tightly covered garbage cans and disposed of by burying in the fields, burning or feeding to pigs. The use of privy vaults and leaching or overflowing cesspools should be absolutely avoided, since they are likely to be sources of the worst contamination.

In the selection, location and sinking of a well both permanence and safety should be considered. The well should penetrate to levels below that of the ground-water surface in the driest seasons.

Unpolluted springs are as a rule good sources of water supply, since the water usually comes from great depths within the rock or is filtered through many layers of sand and gravel. However, springs are subject to danger from the same sources as wells and the same precautions should be taken in safeguarding both. In addition, the spring should always be fenced to keep out the stock. Spring supplies should be frequently examined for pollution of any kind, and the water should be boiled before drinking, if possible, although this is not always necessary.

After a pure water supply has been made

A GOVERNMENT SANITARY SYSTEM

available for the farm home, the quantity of water needed must be considered, and a suitable pumping equipment and satisfactory means for distributing and storing the water must be provided. The Department of Agriculture's rural engineer shows that the quantity of water which can be supplied will depend on the power used; the amount needed, on whether the service is for the entire farm or for the house only.

Hand-operated systems are applicable where small quantities of water are required merely for house service, but in case water is needed for stock also, the use of a windmill, engine, electric motor or hydraulic ram is necessary. If a windmill is used the storage should be large enough for at least three days' supply, to provide water in case of calm weather. Where the other sources of power are used, the storage capacity need not exceed one day's supply.

For a family of 6 persons a 200-gallon supply should be sufficient if the water is used only in the house. On a farm where water is supplied to a family of 6 persons and there are also 10 horses, 12 cows, 25 hogs and 15 sheep, the daily storage supply should be at least 500 gallons, with whatever additional amount the farmer deems necessary for fire protection.

The plumbing system for the average farm home should be simple and its material and construction durable. Water pipes should be arranged so as to carry the water in as nearly a straight line as possible to the point of discharge, and lead pipe or lead-lined receptacles for drinking water should be avoided in small private systems.

The sewer plumbing serves as a drain for the water plumbing. The system should be so constructed as to carry away completely everything emptied into it, and should be constantly vented, frequently and thoroughly flushed, and have each of its openings into the house securely guarded. All drains, soil pipe and waste pipe should be water-tight and air-tight, and should be tested by filling with water or smoke to detect leaks.

The process of sewage disposal described in the Department's bulletin is partly mechanical and partly bacterial, consisting of a preliminary septic tank treatment and of final treatment by application to a natural soil by surface or subsurface distribution or to a specially prepared filter. The septic tank, although air-tight and supposedly water-tight, should be located as far as

possible from the house and the well or spring.

Contrary to the usual opinion, small sewage systems require some watching and care. It is well to study the system and watch the action in the entire plant for any signs of clogging or water-logging. If the sewage is applied continuously to the final disposal system and in such quantities that the system is kept saturated, the filter or disposal area becomes water-logged and ceases to be effective. A grease trap should be used to separate grease and sewage coming from the kitchen sink or dairy room and prevent clogging from this source.

No cost of material or labor has been quoted in the new bulletin since these vary considerably with time and locality, but nothing has been recommended which is not considered to be an economical investment for the farmer. Progressive cities are making large expenditures for sanitary systems to protect the health of their people, and similar protection is due the country residents.

Any farmer who feels that the sanitary arrangements in his home are not entirely satisfactory is urged to apply for the Department of Agriculture's new free bulletin. With the help of a reliable plumber or sanitary engineer he will be able to work out a simple and economical solution for his problem.

"FROM FATHER TO SON"

TWO or three hundred years is a good old age for a firm to attain, and such a long period of activity is a bit unusual—on this side of the Atlantic, at least. It is more what one expects to find in Europe, where a craft or trade is often a matter of family tradition. Yet we have a few instances of such industrial longevity in America, and among the oldest firms is the one that was founded in 1643 (over 270 years ago) by General Robert Sedgwick with John Winthrop, Jr., who established the first furnace and iron works in this country.

For ten generations, except when called to the defense of their country in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars, the Sedgwicks have continued in the craft, handing down from father to son the skill and experience accumulated during more than two and a half centuries of conscientious effort. Elevators and dumbwaiters are the products upon which they specialize today.

BIRDS AS UNDER-GARDENERS

BIRDS AS UNDER-GARDENERS: BY GRACE RE SHORE

IF you have never provided convenient nesting places for wrens, try doing so this year and see what able and tireless assistants they are in helping to rid your garden of insects and worms. If you doubt the amount of help they render, watch a pair of them while feeding their young, count the number of trips to the nest they make in five or ten minutes, and note how far they go for the food they are taking in a never-ending stream to the nest full of hungry young birds.

I have watched them many times; they seldom go out of the garden for their supplies and hardly stop to rest. Jim will occasionally pause long enough for a little satisfied song of joy and pride, but is very soon again at the serious task of assisting to provide for the growing appetites of the young family. Many young wrens eat more than their weight of food (it is said) every twenty-four hours. Even seed-eating birds feed insects to their nestlings.

There is not the least danger of race suicide with wrens, as a pair will raise from twelve to sixteen young birds each



A UNIQUE HOME FOR FEATHERED GUESTS, MADE BY HOLLOWING OUT A GOURD.

year. The last week in April or the first of May their cheery song will be heard, and Jim and his mate will begin to look for a suitable home for the summer. They will invariably when possible select a dipper or bottle gourd for their first nesting place, quite as often taking for the second nest a roomy box nearby.

They put a few of the small twigs, of which they build, into every nest on the place, so that it is difficult to tell for a week or so just which particular spot will be the final choice. I think they do this to keep other house hunters away, as a sort of "taken" sign. They do not like any other bird's nest near, no matter how many good boxes are put up. I have never succeeded in having more than one pair at a time nesting in the garden. Some great battles have been fought, but it ends each year in one pair holding for their exclusive use the entire field.

Bottle and dipper gourds make nests that meet with the approval of wrens. It is a tedious task to get one scraped out and



A COSY LITTLE BIRD HOUSE AMONG THE MORNING-GLORIES: AN IDEAL NESTING SPOT.

LUMBER LESSONS IN MINIATURE FORESTS

ready; but once prepared, it will last for several seasons if taken down and stored when the nesting time is over.

Shrubs, vines, and small trees must be near if the nest is to meet with the approval of the would-be tenants. A dish of fresh water in a convenient place for drinking and bathing is a great attraction for robins and other birds as well. I have never happened to see a wren visiting the bird dish, as they hunt their food on the ground, mostly under the leaves of growing plants and in the hardy border among shrubs. I often see the wrens taking a drink of dew or water from the leaves of a tulip bed, where they also seem to find a quantity of food to their liking.

The nest illustrated in this article has been in use three or four years, and does not seem large enough to hold so many birds. It is air-tight with the exception of the small opening about the size of a silver quarter, where the tenants get in and out.

Generally they take the young birds away from the nest early in the morning, before we are up, but for some reason the departure was belated one year, and I had the pleasure of seeing the family of six youngsters take their leave one by one. How they can develop strength in their wings in such cramped quarters is, to me, a mystery.

Each would drop from the nest into the vine in which the nest was hung, and after only a second's rest would fly fifteen or twenty feet into the grape arbor nearby and from there to the shrubbery at the end of the garden.

They never remain long about the place after leaving the nest, and the old birds begin almost at once to prepare a second nest, seeming to leave the young family to take care of themselves.

Needless to say, the task of providing bird houses and baths in the garden is a pleasant one not only for the grown-up members of a family but also for the little folk. All normal children are interested in the wild life around them, and birds always seem to have an especial fascination, so that there is never any difficulty in encouraging the young people to take an active share in making the home garden a safe and happy place for their feathered friends. And if all children were brought up to take an interest in bird protection, it would be a valuable reinforcement to the efforts of the country's conservationists.

A MINIATURE FOREST AND A LESSON IN LUMBERING

TWO models were recently prepared in Washington, for display at the Forest Products Exposition in Chicago and New York, which show how the Government cuts and sells its timber. These models represent an acre of yellow pine land in a National Forest of the Southwest before and after logging.

In the model showing the stand before the lumberman goes into it, the trees range from those only a few years old to large, overmature, stag-headed individuals, more than ready for the axe. In the second model the mature trees and all others larger than a certain diameter are shown cut down and made into logs and cordwood. In this, as in all Government sales, the stumps are cut low to avoid unnecessary waste, logs are taken to a small diameter well up into the tree, and such material as is not fit for lumber is converted into cordwood. The old trees are felled in such a way that the young growth is not injured, and thriftily growing young trees are left to produce seed and insure a reproduction of the stand, as well as for protection of the soil. The brush is piled in heaps for burning after the lumber has been removed, in order that the fire menace which foresters say usually follows lumbering may be done away with.

These miniature woodlands demonstrate, also, that the timber on the National Forests is for use. Placards tell how it is sold to the highest bidder when it is wanted for commercial purposes, and how it may be given away to local settlers and prospectors for developing homesteads or mines.

The models in question are on a scale of about 1 inch to 5 feet, so that trees approximately 100 feet tall are represented about 20 inches high.

The models are supplemented by a graphic chart, which shows by pictured piles of money and by conventional trees of graded size the increase of timber sales on the National Forests from 1905 to 1913, inclusive. In 1905 the timber sold aggregated 96,000,000 board feet, which brought the Government no more than \$85,000. Three years later the amount of timber sold increased to nearly 390,000,000 board feet, and the money received rose to \$735,000. In 1913 more than 2,000,000,000 feet brought in contracts amounting to \$4,500,000.

WISE EATING AND GOOD HEALTH

WISE EATING AND GOOD HEALTH: BY R. L. KAHN, M.S.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER gave this helpful formula for proper eating, not long ago. "Don't gobble your food. 'Fletcherize' or chew very slowly while you eat. Talk on pleasant topics. Don't be in a hurry. Take time to masticate and cultivate a cheerful appetite. So will the demon Indigestion be encompassed round about and his slaughter completed."

I quote this because it embodies three essentials for good digestion: a cheerful appetite, pleasant thinking, and slow chewing.

A large portion of humanity, according to the student of dietetics, is blessed with the bitter-sweet sensation of hunger, enjoys each morsel of food, and has a calm, satisfied feeling after every meal. The rest of mankind has dyspepsia, reads all the patent medicine advertisements, tries out the new cures and insists on keeping its friends and neighbors informed of the latest doings of its stomachs and livers. Science has, in recent years, thrown sufficient light on this field to enable any one of the latter to walk back to Nature and to Health without any outside aid. Let him go half-way and he will find Mother Nature waiting for him, ready to return him his health, happiness and efficiency. All he has to do at first is to modify his manner of eating. Science will show him how.

Thanks to the labors of Professors Cannon and Carlson, of Harvard and Chicago Universities, respectively, we know now that the feeling of hunger is due to the contractions of the empty stomach. After digesting all the food and taking a proper rest, this muscular organ begins to contract to inform its owner that it is again ready for work.

If we don't experience hunger, it is evident that the stomach is still at work on the last meal. And if one continues to eat without being hungry, he overburdens the stomach with work, robs it of its proper rest, and will ultimately weaken it. And a weak stomach may not impart the sensation of hunger even when empty, because its contractions may be too feeble to be perceptible. It takes vigorous contractions of a healthy stomach to make us feel hungry.

And hunger, although painful at times, is not at all like the pain imparted by a sore

toe or toothache. It is only when we don't obey the hunger impulse, by eating, that we begin to feel uncomfortable. But aside from the pleasant sensation it gives us, hunger is, also, a stimulant to the glands which manufacture the digestive juices. Every time you feel hungry, the slightest suggestion of food will start the salivary glands working, and your mouth will begin to water. And when your mouth waters, your stomach also waters; it is producing gastric juice.

The "fictitious feeding" experiments of the Russian physiologist, Pawlow, have thrown a great deal of light on the psychological rôle in digestion. By careful surgical manipulations, he was able to separate the cesophagus from the stomach of a dog and cause this tube to open to the outside. The result was that when the animal chewed or swallowed, the morsel of food—instead of going to the stomach—went to the exterior. The animal was in good health and was fed through an opening (fistula) which led directly to the stomach. When hungry, the animal enjoyed chewing, even though the food did not go to the stomach. And the stomach, in response to the psychical stimulus brought about by chewing, manufactured gastric juice as though it received the food. In one particular case of fictitious feeding, the stomach produced as much as a pint and a half of gastric juice, which illustrates to what extent this organ is affected by psychical stimulation.

That the mind will unconsciously help or hinder the workings of the stomach has been proved again and again in the laboratory. We know it from experience, of course, but we are not quite happy until the scientist "discovers" it by experimenting on lower animals. And it is to the credit of the scientist, indeed, to be able to prove in the laboratory what humanity has learned ages back, from instinct.

The discovery of X-rays made it possible to observe the movements of the stomach on the fluorescent screen. This is brought about usually by mixing the food with bismuth subnitrate. The rays not being able to pass through this mixture, are reflected on the screen. The movements of the entire stomach contents and, therefore, the surrounding stomach wall, are thus rendered visible. In this manner, the movements of a cat were at one time under observation. The stomach was seen to con-

WISE EATING AND GOOD HEALTH

tract and expand slowly—as it normally does—and with marked regularity. Suddenly, a caged mouse was brought before this animal, and the stomach immediately stopped working.

Remarkable, indeed! Excitement stops the digestive machinery. The stomach is an involuntary organ. It works while we sleep, but it does not work the minute we lose our self-control.

Now, let us imagine a stomach filled with a mixture of bread and butter, roast beef, potatoes, pie and coffee, standing still. What would happen? Suppose the same mixture is put in a dish and is kept in a dark place, at the body temperature. Fermentation would begin immediately, and the good housewife would remove it from the house on account of the unpleasant odor which would develop. Similar conditions are brought about every time rage, anger or excitement hinders the stomach from attending to its normal function; and the penalty of interfering with Nature's methods of digestion is dyspepsia.

We all know to what extent the mind will affect the circulation. A mere spoken word will dilate the blood vessels of the face and will cause blushing. Fright will bring about a violent contraction of the blood vessels and make us look pale. Expectancy will cause the heart to beat faster, and cheerfulness will put new life in the circulation and will thus aid digestion, as it will aid all the other vital processes.

So far, the enemies to digestion which we have considered attack comparatively small numbers. Not many people eat without being hungry, and a lesser number still lose their self-control at the dinner table. The greatest cause of indigestion, today—the enemy which causes dyspepsia by the thousand—is rapid eating, the result of this age of speed.

The success of every organization is largely due to a proper division of labor extending from the office boy to the president. And the efficiency of the human machine is highest when every organ is attending to its own work. When, however, man assumes that his mouth was intended mainly as a talking instrument, and expects his stomach—which has neither jaws nor teeth—to chew his food, then trouble is sure to begin.

It is impossible to speak of the importance of slow chewing without mentioning Horace Fletcher. Twenty-four years ago,

Mr. Fletcher was an old man at forty. He weighed 217 pounds. His hair was white. He had the "tired feeling," and was turned down by a life insurance company, as a poor risk. He then began to study seriously the underlying cause of his ailments, and came to the conclusion that it was due to disturbances in digestion.

Like a true scientist, he began from the beginning. The mouth, being the first organ of digestion, began to receive his careful attention. He looked into the matter of proper chewing; studied it, and finally gave it a trial. And, at the end of five months, he wrote: "My head was clear, my body felt springy, I enjoyed walking. I had not had a single cold for five months. That tired feeling was gone."

Some of us can still recall the remarkable endurance tests Mr. Fletcher performed in the gymnasiums of the Yale and Pennsylvania Universities. And these he did on a comparatively low diet. Mr. Fletcher is a young man today, at sixty-four. He weighs 170 pounds; feels perfectly well; rarely has a cold, although he is "always careless in this regard." He can do well on five hours' sleep, and never has that "tired feeling." A remarkable example of what Fletcherism can do.

But Fletcherism is not—as some people think—"excessive chewing, or tedious chewing, or long chewing." It embraces more than mere chewing, and according to Horace Fletcher you are not a good Fletcherite unless you conform with the following five articles:

1—"Wait for a true, earned appetite."

2—"Select from the food available that which appeals most to appetite, and in the order called for by the appetite."

3—"Get all the good taste there is in the food, and of it, in the mouth; and swallow only when it practically swallows itself."

4—"Enjoy the good taste for all it's worth, and do not allow any depressing or diverting thought to intrude upon the ceremony."

5—"Wait! Take and enjoy as much as possible, what appetite approves; Nature will do the rest."

Proper chewing means strong jaws, healthy teeth, a pleasant taste and good digestion. Scientists tell us that our jaws are smaller than those of our ancestors, because we don't exercise them sufficiently in chewing our food. We rob the teeth of the increased blood supply which they re-

BEAUTY IN DECORATION

ceive during proper chewing, if we don't masticate properly. Nature provided taste buds on the back of the tongue, which serve as our guides in the selection of foods and help us enjoy our meals. By rejecting these provisions, when we gobble our food, we insult Nature.

The stomach is not a churn, but a stomach; built of one's own flesh and blood. When filled with food, it contracts regularly and very gently. So much so, that it will not break a grape when swallowed whole. Improper chewing means taxing the stomach with work which Nature did not intend it to do. The healthiest constitution will ultimately suffer a breakdown should this be continued. *How* we eat is, in most cases, of more importance to our health than *what* we eat. A banana, they say, is not easily digested; if we chew it properly, however, it will be digested with perfect ease. Gladstone advised his children to chew each morsel thirty-two times, so as to give each one of the teeth a chance at it. "*Gut gekaut ist halb verdaut*" is an old German proverb which means, literally, "Well chewed is half digested." This is particularly true of the food of plant origin (carbohydrates) which the saliva digests in part, by converting it into sugar.

Chew each morsel until you cannot hold it back any longer. You will then realize what real joy there is in eating. Drink all the water you can, at your meal and at any time between. The prevalent idea that water drinking at meals is harmful is entirely unfounded. Professor P. B. Hawk, recently in charge of the Laboratory of Physiological Chemistry at the University of Illinois, carried out a long series of experiments and found that "Many desirable, and no undesirable effects are obtained by the use of water with meals, and in general, the more water taken, the more pronounced the benefits." Eat what you want when you want it. Chew it well, and you ought to have no difficulties later.

In spite of the apparent simplicity of the foregoing rules, it is remarkable how few people follow them, even when they know quite well the disastrous effects of hurried eating. True, they make all sorts of good resolves about the matter, but these, like diaries and New Year resolutions, are apt to be short-lived. Be an exception, however, and practice what this article has preached! You will be surprised how much healthier and happier you will feel.

BEAUTY IN DECORATION

IT is to be wished that every householder could be induced to read and re-read and read again Emerson's essay on Beauty.

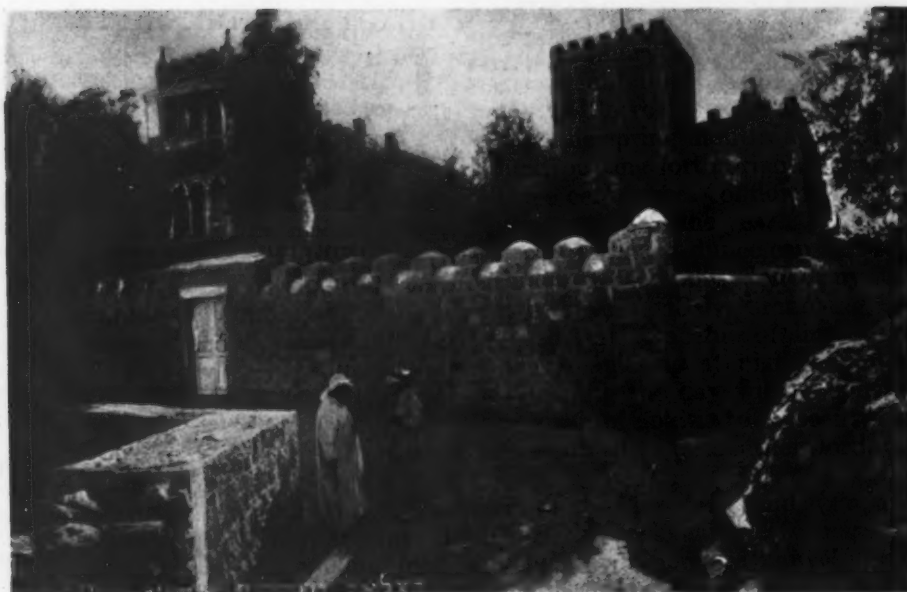
If the essay is full of the sublimities it is no less full of the practicalities and might well serve as a primer. Not, it needs hardly be said, to the delight of the professional interior upholsterer; because, forsooth, if its precepts were followed out the taste for eternal change in our furnishings would lose its keenness and there would be nothing to keep his trade brisk. Which raises the question: Does the householder exist for the tradesman, or vice versa. As a matter of fact, we are painfully slow in getting out our emancipation papers from the fringemaker and the upholsterer.

To prove it, we have only to pay a visit to some such palace as Fontainebleau, or notably Versailles, and discover how its grandiloquence bores us. After having been well nigh snowed under by the array of costly trivialities we turn back for refreshment to our text. We understand better what Emerson was driving at when he advised us to use "geometry instead of expense,"—when he prophesied that it would be possible to build "a plain cottage with such symmetry as to make all the fine palaces look cheap and vulgar,"—when he declared a man might, if he were great enough, "cause the sun and moon to seem only the decorations of his estate."

Certainly the old ideals of furnishing had an effect of holding us down to trivialities. No wonder that in our cages, albeit so artfully constructed, we grew restless, morbid, self-centered. Strange how few had the courage of their convictions to cry out against the bondage—to strike for freedom as did Mrs. Rossetti, or to proclaim as did Richard Jefferies against the pettiness of "houselife" with its chairs, its tables and the like.

"The lesson taught by the study of Greek and of Gothic art, of antique and of pre-Raphaelite painting, was worth all the research,—namely, that all beauty must be organic; that outside embellishment is deformity. . . . The new virtue which constitutes a thing beautiful is a certain cosmoical quality, or a power to suggest relation to the whole world, and so lift the object out of a pitiful individuality."—*Reprinted by courtesy of "The House Beautiful."*

A TEMPLE OF HANDICRAFTS



"A TEMPLE IN THE WILDERNESS:" REVIVING THE HANDICRAFTS OF PALESTINE

TO bring courage and strength to a forlorn and poverty-stricken people, to revive in them the traditions of industry and craftsmanship their forefathers knew, to equip men and women, boys and girls to earn a living through the making of useful, beautiful things—this is an undertaking that requires no small amount of energy and confidence. Yet it is what one man, with able helpers, has accomplished for the Jews of Palestine. The success of this enterprise may be judged from the work shown recently in New York at Madison Square Garden, the exhibition comprising Jewish articles made in the Bezael School of Handicrafts of Jerusalem.

The collection was varied and full of interest, not only as a concrete expression of the School's ideal and as a proof of the power of craftsmanship to train the hands and minds of the people, but also for the intrinsic art value of the work itself. The rugs and carpets woven by the Bezael students, the filigree and beaten metal work from their workshops, the ivory carving and embroidery, all displayed a remarkable degree of skill and genuine feeling for

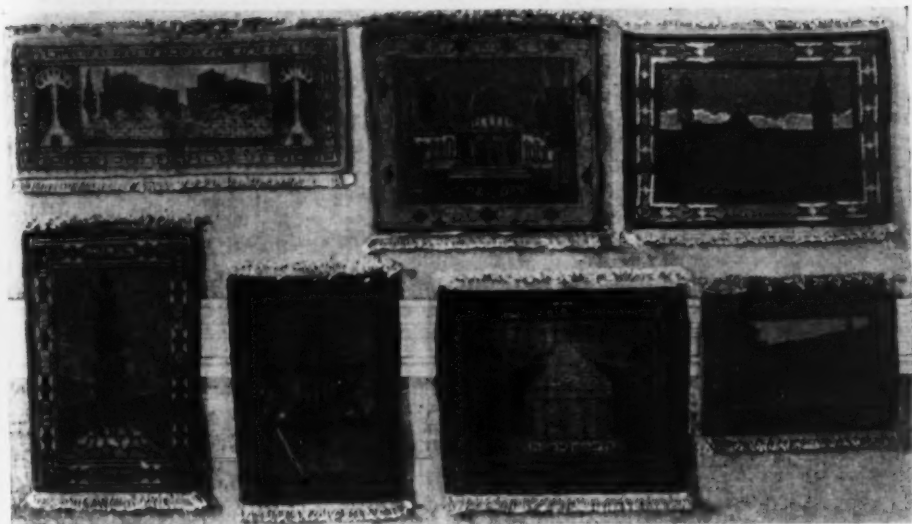
THE BEZAELE SCHOOL OF HANDICRAFTS, JERUSALEM, A SELF-SUPPORTING INSTITUTION WHERE JEWISH MEN AND WOMEN ARE TRAINED IN ALL KINDS OF CRAFT WORK.

beauty. A great deal of the metal work showed what seemed an over-elaboration of design, as though the artist, in his eagerness for decoration, had at times lost sight of the relation between the pattern and the mass or contour of the whole. But many of the simpler and more massive pieces, in brass and copper, showed in both form and decoration, the simple dignity that comes with artistic restraint. The rugs were particularly worthy of attention, for they embodied not only quaint interest of design but also great mellowness of color harmony.

One of the most striking features of the display was the use of Jewish symbols and designs. Woven into the soft tones of the rugs, hammered into the warm surface of the copper, inlaid in the glinting brass and carved in the wood and ivory, one found the seven-branched candlestick, the six-pointed star, legendary scenes from the Garden of Eden, quotations from the Old Testament and letters of the Hebrew alphabet composed into decorative designs.

Like many significant undertakings, the Bezael School of Handicrafts had its conception in the mind of a dreamer—but one who knew how to put his vision into workable form. Professor Boris Schatz is the

A TEMPLE OF HANDICRAFTS



GROUP OF SMALL RUGS OR MATS WOVEN BY BEZALEL WORKERS: THE MELLOW COLORING AND SYMBOLIC DESIGNS GIVE THEM AN UNUSUAL INTEREST.

man whose imagination, humanity and practical ability lifted the downcast Jews of Palestine from a state of dependence and beggary to one of industry and content. And these are the words in which he tells simply and earnestly how it came to pass.

"It was one Saturday afternoon after the third Sabbath meal. Our *Beth Hamidrash* was crowded with the people of the little town who were packed together like herrings. We all pressed forward to the reader's desk at which the *maggid* stood. With open mouth and wide open eyes we swallowed in every word. Not a sound was heard but the voice of the *maggid*. We all held our breath, and only now and again could one hear a sigh from the listeners who, in the gloom of the chamber, seemed like dumb shadows from another world.

"And the *maggid* spoke. He spoke of sorrow, longing and sweet hope, all in the

same tone. But what threw the greatest spell over us was that which he told us about the Land of Israel.



METAL CANDLESTICK SCONCES IN THE BEZALEL EXHIBITION, EMBODYING A FINE QUALITY OF CRAFTSMANSHIP AND

RICH IN DECORATIVE FEATURES SYMBOLIZING THE TRADITIONS OF THE JEWISH RACE.

A TEMPLE OF HANDICRAFTS



RUG WOVEN BY STUDENTS IN THE BEZALEL SCHOOL: THE SEVEN-BRANCHED CANDLESTICK AND SIX-POINTED STAR SEEN HERE ARE AMONG THE RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS THAT CHARACTERIZE MUCH OF THIS WORK.

For he was a messenger of the Collecting-box Organization of Rabbi Meir Bal Ness in Palestine.

"I sat crouched in a corner and saw nothing of the people around me. I saw with my mind's eye the gigantic Wailing Wall, the two-thousand-year-old tombstone of our people streaming with tears of the Jews who flock from all the four corners of the earth to pour out their hearts. I heard the weeping of our Mother Rachel in her lonely grave on the road to Bethlehem; weeping for her children who had been driven away and who came not home. I saw our land sown with holy graves and also covered with splendid gardens, in

which oranges bloom in winter and fragrant citrons blossom, and the sweet Johannisbroad is eaten by goats.

"After the *Havdalah* I went with my old father to the inn in which the emissary from Palestine was staying, even at the risk of being mud-bound in the street. I still remember the pain that seized my child-heart when I saw a little carved box, upon which was a sort of potato-shaped figure with the inscription, 'Tomb of our Mother Rachel.' There was also the picture of a wall with four brooms standing behind it and designated the 'Wailing Wall.' I regarded this as a profanation of our sanctuary, and I swore within my heart that as soon as I should be grown up and become a good artist, I would betake myself to Jerusalem and draw the sacred places so beautifully that all the Jews would have a delight therein.

"Many years passed. I grew up and learned how to paint and make sculptures, but I did not journey to Jerusalem, nor paint the tomb of our Mother Rachel and the Wailing Wall, nor give any delight to my fellow-Jews. Strangers, non-Jews, taught me art and gave me their ideal; and for this I worked and wrought all manner of beautiful things. I looked upon art as a temple and upon artists as its priests. I dreamed that I should become a high priest in the service of sacred art, that I would teach mankind the ideal of the great and beautiful, to love the good and to hate the evil.

"But again the years rolled by and brought disappointments. I saw how the sanctity of art is dragged down. The golden calf stands upon a pedestal and all the priests of art bow low before it. I felt cold and ill at ease in my world of artists. I lost my God, and with a soul rent in twain and a vacant heart, I turned my back upon the magnificence of Paris.

"And then I had a dream. In the land of Israel, the land whither my grandfather went to die, and whence my good and pious mother obtained a handful of earth for her grave, our fellow-Jews are beginning once again to show a revival. The erst barren hills are covered again with plantations, the valleys are decked again with flowers; a new and healthy life is again awakening, a new life without any smoking chimneys above and grimy laborers below. The laborer is free—he creates only things in which his intelligence and individual taste

A TEMPLE OF HANDICRAFTS



can find expression, things which assume new and more beautiful forms.

"Our workman in Palestine has become an ideal for his comrade in civilized Europe. He knows nothing of barrack-like dwellings, without light or air, in which the European workmen with their families pine away. He has his bright cottage in a green garden, and he secures employment in the coöperative society to which he belongs.

"Among these workmen there are a number of great artists. The Jews had always a gift of art, but in their dispersion they had maimed souls, and their talents could not develop naturally. The Jewish boy who studied among strangers had to suppress his inborn feelings and instincts and lose his own individual self. His creations always reflected alien sentiments, and thus we had more virtuosi than creative artists. But in the Jew who spends his best years, the time of schooling, in Palestine, in the land where every little stone tells him long-forgotten legends and where every hill awakens the memory of the former freedom of his people, where as an artist he draws the real Jewish types beneath the blue skies of his own land—in that Jew there awakens the slumbering spirit of the Jewish Prophet of old.

"The new generation of Jewish artists have brought modern technique to the aid of the ancient Jewish spirit, they have introduced a new note into the artistic world, and opened up a new epoch in Jewish history. All this has been accomplished by

LANDSCAPE DESIGN IN APPLIQUÉ MADE IN THE BEZALEL SCHOOL AND SHOWING AN EFFECTIVE HANDLING OF TONES AND SPACES.

the school founded there, in which work and amity are united.

"For many years I dreamed this beautiful dream awake. To bring about its fulfilment I traveled through many lands. I studied everything bearing upon the subject, and when I thought myself sufficiently endowed with ability, and felt within me the strength to give up everything in order to devote myself wholly to the sacred cause, I went to Theodor Herzl. I approached the man who had the courage to tell the whole world openly what he felt, and who had the power to attempt to realize his ideas. I spoke to him of my ideals with glowing enthusiasm for a full hour. He wanted to be informed about every detail. His handsome presence inspired me. Upon his majestic brow there were deep thoughts to read, and in his sorrowful eyes the noble Jewish soul, the soul which gazes upon a fantastic world and yet beholds the bitter reality of today. And after I had finished speaking I wondered with beating heart: What answer will he give me?

"'Good, we shall do that,' he said, quietly and resolutely, and after a brief pause he asked: 'What name will you give to your school?'

"'Bezalel,' I answered, 'after the name of the first Jewish artist who once built us a temple in the wilderness.'

"'A temple in the wilderness,' he repeat-

BEAUTY AND LONG LIFE OF CYPRESS

ed slowly, and the beautiful sad eyes seemed to look into an endless vista, as though he felt that he would never see it himself."

Thus, in 1906, Professor Schatz opened the Bezalel School of Handicrafts, in a single small room on one of the by-streets of Jerusalem, with a capital of only \$1,500 but with a great fund of hope. Surrounded by men of poetic vision and practical ideals, he labored to revive the lost arts and instill a love for Jewish things into the hearts of the people. After seven years, the school is housed in one of the most imposing structures in Jerusalem (shown in one of the illustrations). The attendance includes over 500 men, women and children, and numerous families and groups work for the school in their own homes in the suburbs of Palestine. Although the school buildings now occupy extensive grounds, the cry is always "make wide the place of thy tent." The number of applicants for work is enormous, and every new building is filled before it is fairly complete.

Some idea of the growth of the school may be gained from the following figures: In 1908, two years after the opening, the workshops produced stock to the value of \$5,000, but the profits were zero; in 1911, the production of the school was valued at \$33,500, with a net profit of \$7,500, and last year the total value of the goods produced was over \$75,000.

It is particularly interesting to note that the object of the Bezalel School primarily is not to make large profits but to employ the greatest possible number of workers. Hence the profits are almost immediately devoted to increasing available accommodations. Every worker receives a living wage, even if his capabilities do not at the outset merit it. An institution run on strictly commercial lines would employ only skilled hands; Bezalel trains raw labor and pays wages from the beginning. Moreover, in some departments, as in Persian carpets, native labor could be obtained at a much lower rate, but this rate could not suffice for Jews, whose standard of living and civilization is higher and consequently more expensive.

The activities in operation at Bezalel are varied. In addition to the classes in carpet weaving, tapestry, basketry, woodwork and metalwork, there are also courses in drawing, painting and sculpture. Instructors in Hebrew are provided; music is not forgotten, and the workmen have formed a

band, choir, theatrical and literary societies among themselves. The school has a small theater where plays are given, and a museum of art, archaeological and natural history treasures.

In such an environment as this one cannot wonder that the right spirit as well as the right sort of work is achieved. As the leader of the movement points out, it is the kind of undertaking which must touch the sympathies of non-Zionists as well as Zionists. And in fact, Jerusalem as the creator of learning, art and craftsmanship, and the home of an industrious, economically independent people, is an ideal that stirs the interest of Jew and Gentile alike. It suggests, too, a solution to one phase of America's immigration problem; for by opening up a field for successful handicraft in Palestine, it may encourage Jewish workers to seek in the home of their own ancient traditions the opportunity for peaceful industry which our overcrowded cities cannot afford.

CYPRESS—A WOOD THAT IS DECORATIVE AND ENDURING: BY ARTHUR S. DEVOSE

A WOOD that is beautiful, workable and lasting is sure to be valued by architects, carpenters and cabinet-makers, for these three qualities are not always found combined. Such a wood as this is cypress—hence its wide renown and popularity today. Yet there are still many home-makers who are not familiar with all of its virtues, and a few words upon the nature and usefulness of this adaptable material may prove of timely interest to those who contemplate the building or remodeling of a home.

Cypress should not be used indiscriminately; it need not be employed where cheaper woods might acceptably serve. Yet it is coming more and more to be chosen in places where "good enough" lumber is not so much the object as permanent investment value. For cypress adds so definitely to the value of a structure that builders and owners of experience prefer it for many purposes in place of other woods.

If one does not wish to use it solid, one can employ it as a sort of preserving veneer for the interior trim, shutting out from woods that are less durable the elements of destruction and safeguarding them from decay. Likewise, applying the "exterior

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veneer" principle, every builder may insure his work against rot and other forms of deterioration by "veneering" the house with cypress—which means using it for all outside woodwork. It is the exposed woodwork that bears the brunt of the attack, and the wise general masses his greatest defensive forces at the exposed posts.

The safety of the building, however, is not assured by using cypress for this purpose only. There are other places that should be guarded. The chief one is where the frame structure joins the foundation—the sills or bearing plates. These rest on the cold, damp material of which the foundation is made. They serve as the super-foundation of a frame building.

The entire weight of the building is carried by these sills. There are many points of contact between the sills and the studding, each one of which is a point of attack for destroying fungi. The foundation usually transmits the necessary moisture to feed the fungi, and the result is deterioration, slow at first, but more rapid as the destroying agent strengthens its hold.

Destruction of wood at this point is commonly attributed to "dry-rot"—a somewhat misleading term, for utter absence of moisture or complete submersion in it renders wood impervious to decay. Certain wood-destroying fungi thrive with a minimum of moisture and where they secure a foothold "dry-rot" is said to have set in. Cypress is relatively impervious to rot influences, and for this reason is recommended by its historic achievements for duty at all exposed points.

The extra cost of the absolutely necessary quantity of cypress for a house—its cost being somewhat higher than many woods—is almost negligible. If cypress is specified and included in the estimate, it means usually only a slight difference in price, sometimes none at all. Here are the actual figures:

Take an ordinary house with, say, 150 feet of outer wall. Using one piece of 2 x 12 and one piece of 2 x 10 for a box sill,



INTERIOR OF ALL-CYPRESS BUNGALOW, DESIGNED BY W. G. MASSARENE.

it would require 550 feet of lumber for the sills. If it was necessary to pay as much as \$20 a thousand feet more for the cypress, the cost of the whole building would be increased only \$11. Surely that is a very small premium to pay for insurance against the necessity of putting in a new super-foundation for the entire structure, repair work that would cost several hundred dollars plus untold inconvenience.

Thousands of builders, however, have begun to use cypress for exterior woodwork as a matter of economy. They consider it the best investment they can make. For interior woodwork it meets with greater competition, as many other woods will give ample length of service where not exposed to weather. But the advent of the "sugi" finish which gives the world-famous Japanese "drift-wood" effects has added to the natural virtues and interesting grain of cypress the possibility of strikingly decorative beauty. This is secured in a simple manner. The surface of the wood to which it is to be applied is charred with a gasoline torch and the charred portions brushed away with a steel brush.

Cypress is being used, moreover, in increasingly large quantities for greenhouses; in fact, it has almost a monopoly of that trade. It is also becoming popular for pergolas, sleeping porches, rustic siding, arbors, trellises and other uses where the wood is exposed to alternate extremes of temperature and moisture. For such purposes its rot-proof qualities have made it the general favorite.

TAKING A BIRD CENSUS IN THE UNITED STATES

DO YOU WANT TO HELP TO TAKE A BIRD CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES?

A CENSUS of all the birds of the United States is suggested for this summer and the U. S. Department of Agriculture is inviting bird lovers throughout the country to cooperate in taking it. The object is to determine how many pairs of birds of each species breed within definite areas. By comparing these figures with those of subsequent censuses, it will be possible to ascertain whether the present State and Federal laws are effective and game and insectivorous birds increasing or diminishing in numbers. Voluntary observers are relied upon to furnish most of the desired data to the Department.

As a beginning the Department has asked about 250 correspondents throughout the country, who have previously rendered valuable service, to follow a general outline in supplying information. Any one wishing to aid in this good work is cordially invited to send similar information to the Department.

The correspondents have been advised that the census of the birds should be taken over some area that fairly represents the average character of the country in the immediate neighborhood. The area selected should represent average farm conditions, but without woodland. They should be not less than 40 acres (a quarter of a mile square) and not more than 80 acres, and should include the farm buildings, shade trees, orchards, fields of plowed land, and pasture.

It is desired to take a census of the pairs of birds actually nesting within the selected area. Birds visiting the area for feeding purposes should not be counted, no matter how close their nests to the boundary lines.

It is practically impossible to make this census on the scale of 40 to 80 acres in a single day. A plan, which has been used with advantage for several years is to begin at daylight some morning the last of May, or the first week in June, and zigzag back and forth across the area, counting the male birds of each species. Early in the morning at that season every male bird should be in full song and easily counted. After the migration is over and the birds are settled in their summer quarters, it is safe to con-

sider that each male represents a breeding pair. The census of one day should be checked and revised by several days of further work, in order to insure that each bird seen is actually nesting within the area, and to make certain that no species has been overlooked.

May 30 is about the proper date to begin the census in the latitude of Washington. In the latitude of Boston the work should not begin until a week later, and south of Washington an earlier date should be selected.

The final results of the census should be sent to the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., about June 30, and should be accompanied by a statement of the exact boundaries of the selected area, defined so explicitly that it will be possible 25 years hence to have the census repeated. The name of the present owner of the land should be given, together with a careful description of its character, including a statement whether the area is dry upland or moist bottom-land, the number of acres in each of the principal crops, or in permanent meadow, pasture, orchard, swamp, roads, etc.; the kind of fencing used, and whether there is much or little brush along any fences, roads, or streams, or in the permanent pasture.

A second census desired is one of some isolated piece of woodland comprising from 10 to 20 acres. In giving the results of this census the number and kinds of trees in the woodland should be stated as well as whether there is much or little undergrowth.

Still a third census to be taken is that of some definite area—40 acres, for instance—forming part of a much larger tract of timber, either deciduous or evergreen. While the number of birds on such a piece of land will be far less than on an equal area of mixed farm land, their correct enumeration will require considerably more care and time.

In the past, under mixed game regulations of various States, bird life has been decreasing. Now that the birds have been placed in charge of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, definite and uniform measures are being taken to preserve them and increase their number. The new bird census and those to follow will materially aid the Department in its effort to preserve a valuable national resource, and the voluntary efforts of bird lovers in aid of this movement will be appreciated.

BUILDING AND GARDEN-MAKING IN PAPER



GARDENS IN MINIATURE FOR BIG AND LITTLE FOLKS

A PAPER HOUSE AND GARDEN DESIGNED BY FRANCES DUNCAN.

MOST of us are familiar with the type of model that has recently found such welcome among architects and prospective home-builders—namely, the miniature house. In its quaint, charming way it visualizes the draughtsman's plans and gives body to his mechanical lines and measurements. Its tiny image shows us from every angle the completed cottage, bungalow or country home of our dreams. And by thus studying our future dwelling through the reducing glass, as it were, we can correct beforehand any defects in the tentative design, develop all its practical and artistic possibilities, and be quite sure, before we O. K. the plans and begin the actual work of construction, that the result is going to be satisfactory. We can prevent future regrets and at the same time enjoy the visual anticipation of our new home.

Such a model, moreover, if its maker is wise, includes not only the house itself but the entire garden and its structures, the paths, hedges and plantings of shrubs and flowers. In this way architect and gardener can work together for a harmonious whole.

But although such models of homes and gardens are of definite value, there is a certain rigidity about the latter; it is not as adaptable or simple as it might be for experimental work. This difficulty, however, has been overcome recently by a device which, so far as we know, is a distinct innovation in the model-maker's art.

"Gardencraft" is the name which Miss Frances Duncan, its inventor, calls this new development, and the word suggests all sorts of friendly outdoor tasks and pleasures. The outfit was originally devised as a practical working model for the use of architects and professional and amateur gardeners. It is made of pasteboard and consists of a house model, a summerhouse, and a collection of separate garden units—fences, garden seats, blocks representing turf and flower-beds and bricks, as well as shrubs and plants of many kinds. With the garden blocks, all made to scale, one can lay out the lawn and paths and beds for planting, build the walls, steps and terraces. In the cracks between the blocks, along the edges of the lawn, beside the entrance or the fence, or at the base of the house, one can "plant" the bushes and clumps of flowering plants wherever they will add most to the general garden beauty. Moreover, as each pasteboard plant is colored like the real one, the important matter of color schemes can be taken into account.

So, after a little experimenting with the various details, one can evolve a miniature garden which anticipates on a small scale the appearance of the real one. And unlike the old-fashioned models, when it has served its temporary purpose it may be taken apart and used again and again indefinitely for other garden-plannings—a feature which adds to its virtues of simplicity and adaptability, that of economy as well.

Naturally such a practical device as this

FOREIGN SEEDS FOR AMERICAN FARMERS

found its welcome among progressive gardeners; but its usefulness has not ended there. People who saw it were so captivated by its unique air, and children were so enchanted by its little blocks and plants and the way they could be put together, that the "gardencraft" outfit was soon adopted as a toy! Miss Duncan, realizing its possibilities in this direction for both education and fun, thereupon developed it still further. She made, in addition to the original country house, models of a gardener's cottage; a greenhouse of "brick" with sash that raise and lower; a farmhouse and a chickenhouse with several "named varieties" of chickens; a rabbit's house with *Br'er Rabbit* and his family, all made with standards so that they can be set up wherever the little farmer desires, and also charts that make real gardening easy for the children.

The plants come in sheets from which they can be separated by the young people, and each one—larkspur, hollyhock, phlox, lilac and poppy—is marked at the base with its name and the month of its flowering. In handling the plants, the children therefore become familiar not only with the general growth and color of each variety, but also the time of year when the blossoms appear. By selecting and placing the plants with this in mind, the little gardeners get to know how a succession of bloom may be assured in real gardens later on.

It is no wonder that this toy, which combines so much fun and knowledge and brings the children into such happy friendship with the nature world, has been rapidly adopted by schools and hospitals. It trains hand and mind, develops both memory and initiative, is light and easy to manipulate, and is therefore valuable for the invalid as well as the healthy, for normal mentalities as well as for those that are backward or defective.

An instance of the seal of approval set upon "gardencraft" by modern child psychologists is the fact that it is the only American toy that Dr. Montessori took back with her to Italy. The Montessori Association has found it a means of delightful "group activity," the older children acting as contractors, the younger ones as gardeners, and each doing his or her share in the laying out and planting of the garden as a whole. And one can hardly imagine a more interesting way to utilize a model which prepares the little workers for real activity in future grown-up gardens of their own.

IMPORTING FOREIGN SEEDS FOR AMERICAN FARMERS

THE Bureau of Plant Industry, one of the interesting divisions of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, is constantly experimenting with seeds, plants and fruits from foreign countries, for the purpose of discovering such as might be economically valuable to the fruit growers, gardeners and other agriculturists of America.

Among the fruits and vegetables that promise much, although they have only been recently introduced here, are the mango, the date palm, the Oriental persimmon, the avocado (commonly known as the alligator pear), the papaya, the Chinese jujube and the dasheen.

The mango industry has already attained considerable degree of development in Florida, and last year 300 dozen of one variety were sold at \$3 per dozen. There are over 100 varieties of dates now growing in the Government gardens in California and Arizona, from which the suckers are being distributed to prospective planters. Oriental persimmons are also increasing.

A new Chinese peach stock, hardier than our own, is among the importations, the root of which (not the fruit) is the edible part. This is now being tried out in Iowa, and the Bureau is preparing to distribute this year about 20,000 roots to nurserymen.

The introductions of the Bureau are not confined to fruits and vegetables. New poplars, willows and other shade trees which 20 years ago were unknown in this country now beautify our avenues as a result of its work. The timber bamboo of the Orient is grown in the Southern States, and this is important, for there is no plant in the world that can be put to so many uses.

The Government sends out agricultural explorers to various parts of the world as occasion requires, in search of new fruits and plants. It keeps in touch with botanists, scientific institutions and commercial firms in every land, and is now in a position to secure quickly from any part of the globe any plant with which it may desire to experiment.

One of the most important introductions of fruit ever made by the Department of Agriculture was that of the seedless orange. The value of this crop in California is now over \$10,000,000 every year.

ECONOMICAL, SANITARY WORKMEN'S COTTAGES



A MODEL VILLAGE AND A NEW BUILDING MATERIAL—DECORATIVE, DURABLE AND CHEAP

AN interesting novelty has recently appeared upon the architectural horizon in the shape of a new building material that combines several very desirable qualities. It is fire-proof, durable, economical, attractive in its surface texture and coloring, and adaptable to designs of many different types.

This new material, which is really hollow-tile units made with a rough, bricklike surface, was first used in a colony of workmen's homes in Pennsylvania, some of which are illustrated here. And while the usefulness of this form of construction is by no means limited to cottages of the character shown, it is worth noting how far it may be helpful in solving the important problem of inexpensive yet comfortable and pleasing houses for working men and their families.

The building of modern model villages for the employees of manufacturing, mining and other large industries is a movement that has only recently gained ground in America; but during the last few years employers of labor and students of industrial efficiency have realized that it is not only right, from a humanitarian standpoint, that sanitary and cheerful quarters should

WORKING MEN'S BUNGALOWS AT HAUTO, PENNA., BUILT WITH A NEW AND ECONOMICAL FORM OF HOLLOW TILE: THEY CONTAIN FOUR ROOMS AND TWO PORCHES AND RENT FOR \$10.00 A MONTH.

be provided for the producing class, but also it is a wise investment when considered in the light of true economy and efficient service. Besides, high grade workers today are not content with wooden shacks in the middle of bare ground covered with refuse, cans and ashes; they will not stay in towns where housing conditions are poor.

It has long been noted, moreover, that under average conditions the loss of time from sickness has been 10 per cent.; whereas in model villages there is practically no loss from this cause, and the death rate is one-half to one-quarter what it is under ordinary conditions. It is easy therefore to realize that the better the physical, mental and moral condition of the men, the better workmen they are.

From this increased efficiency, additional profits come to the employer sometimes in so large an amount that the management feels justified in maintaining a model village at considerable expense. Other firms place rentals at a markedly lower figure than would be justified in a real estate investment, thus putting comfortable homes within reach of even those earning comparatively low wages.

In many coal mining towns, the housing of the miners is still of the most common-

ECONOMICAL, SANITARY WORKMEN'S COTTAGES



BACK OF THE FIVE-ROOM COTTAGES: WHEN THE GARDENS ARE PLANTED WITH SHRUBS AND VINES AND FLOWERS THESE SIMPLE BUILDINGS WILL BECOME QUITE HOMELIKE.

place and often miserable character. This is due to several causes, among them being the lack of interest of the actual operators of the mines, the absenteeism of the responsible heads of the companies, and the feeling on the part of the managers that possible early exhaustion of the coal seams will bring an end to the value of real property.

A leading executive said to the writer recently: "Our company has over one hundred houses in this town that should not be occupied by human beings. I am constantly asking for new houses, as they would pay a fair interest on the investment, but my director will not authorize the expenditure."

Vice-President Ludlow, of the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company, with headquarters at Lansford, Pa., takes great interest in his company's employees. Experience with wooden houses and the heavy repairs necessary to them has led him to investigate other more durable methods of construction. The thick veins of coal belonging to this company promise work for scores of years, so that more lasting buildings than wood were economically important.

The erection of a great plant at Hauto, near Lansford, to use up millions of tons of accumulated waste

coal in generating electricity for surrounding towns, gave Mr. Ludlow an opportunity to carry out his idea of a model village for the employees of the plant.

Standard Buildings Inc. of New York, an association of experts on the laying out, designing and erecting of model villages for working men, was asked to undertake the project. In the effort to reduce the cost so as to compete with good wood construction, this company had devised, in cooperation

with the National Fire Proofing Company, a new hollow tile with a pleasing exterior surface, warm red in color, something like the new decorative rough-textured brick, but at one-third the cost, thus doing away with the expensive outside stucco. The units of tile have a face 6 x 12 inches and are 6 inches thick, with double air spaces, and where properly laid with Portland cement, they make an impervious masonry wall, warm in winter and cool in summer.

A number of houses built of this material have just been finished, and as the illustrations show, they are much more attractive than the average working man's cottage of today, even though the appropriation available called for the strictest economy and



FIVE-ROOM COTTAGES CONTAINING BATHROOM, CELLAR AND FURNACE, AND RENTING FOR \$14.00 A MONTH.

COLOR IN SUMMER FURNISHINGS

simplest design. The warm red-brick color of the roughened wall surface and the size of the units with the wide gray mortar joints make a very pleasing combination. The roofs are of prepared roofing, heavy and durable, matching in color the walls, and put on with heavy battens painted the same color. The exposed woodwork is stained a warm brown and the window sashes painted a creamy white.

Three types of houses have been erected. There are bungalows, each containing a large living room, two double bedrooms of over 800 cubic feet of air capacity each, and a kitchen. A central chimney is provided, also a toilet, a soapstone wash tub and a sink. The cooking range will heat the house from the living room in winter, and in summer can be moved into the kitchen. There is a large front porch and a smaller one in the rear. The hollow tile in these bungalows is smooth on the interior and is whitewashed, doing away with the use of plaster and presenting a durable surface practically proof against wear and tear.

Then there are the five-room, two-story houses, with full-height rooms in the second story. These buildings contain living room, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms and bath, also a cellar and a hot-air furnace.

The third type comprises the six-room houses, similar to those with four rooms but with a larger living room and three bedrooms. Good-sized closets are provided in all these dwellings, and the five- and six-room ones are plastered in the usual way with a white finishing coat for painting.

The illustrations, taken in midwinter with the streets dug up for water pipes, give little of the real beauty that will be apparent in a year or two, when Nature with her grass and foliage and blossoms has softened the lines of the houses and linked them with the landscape. But even these rather bare glimpses give a fairly good idea of the attractive results that may be obtained with such building material even with a restricted outlay.

Part of the credit for the idea should be given to that eminent business man and philanthropist, Mr. J. G. Schmidlap, of Cincinnati. His remark to the president of the Standard Buildings Inc. a year ago—"You will not be able to lower the cost of working men's houses until you find some cheaper structural material"—led to the experiments that finally produced the new hollow tile whose first use is shown here.

COLOR AND TEXTURE IN SUMMER FURNISHINGS

THE woman who is about to furnish her summer bungalow or camp, or to fit up the living room and porch of her town or suburban home in cool, countrylike simplicity, will find a wealth of new furnishings and materials from which to make her choice.

Among the most distinctive of these furnishings is the Canton wicker ware. Firmly yet flexibly woven, in simple but decorative and often unique designs, the light chairs and rockers, settles and stools suggest much summer comfort. Then there is the plain willow furniture which is so serviceable for the summer months and which brings such a summerlike feeling into a city home. In addition to the new designs in the plain willow, there is a new type made chiefly of wood, stained a soft green tone, and finished with natural-color openwork willow in the form of panels that lighten the wood structure in peculiarly graceful fashion. There is also plain wood furniture painted or enameled in white, green or buff, which is particularly suitable for camp or summer-house. All of these pieces look best with some simple floor covering such as the new Chinese sea-grass rugs from Kee Chong, which are firmly made by hand, with woven designs in the border, and come in soft shades of brown, green and blue.

But perhaps the most striking thing about the summer furnishings is the use of color. The printed linens, cretonnes and chintzes reflect in their flowery patterns all the richest and most vivid tints of the painter's palette. They reach us mainly from Hungary and Bulgaria, but there is an Oriental feeling, too, in this splashing, lavish use of primitive colors, while here and there one finds a touch of Russian art, as in the big painted chests with their rich red and blue and orange designs. The pillows and hangings, the chintz-covered trays and table-tops (so cleverly protected by glass), the gorgeously painted hat-boxes, the bright Hungarian peasant china with its flower and bird motives, and the bowls and vases from the Ruskin Potteries in England, fragile but wonderfully brilliant in glaze and tone—all these things suggest simple and effective ways to bring color and beauty into the summer home.

LECTURES AT THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING

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LECTURES AND TALKS AT THE CRAFTSMAN BUILDING

IT is less than a year since I began to talk of the "new Craftsman Building" and its various activities—the Home-Builders' Exposition, the Restaurant, the Club Rooms, the Service Department and the Lecture Bureau. But in that short time all these phases of the work have been developed from dreams into plans, and from plans into actual working realities; so that it seems as though the Craftsman Movement has grown more rapidly and more significantly during the last few months than ever before. And although there is still much more to accomplish—for a work like this one is a thing of continual evolution and unfolding—today our new building is beginning to be what I had hoped to make it, the home and headquarters of the whole Craftsman Movement.

One of the most interesting innovations in the new building is the Lecture Bureau, which has drawn and held the attention of many visitors since its work began a few months ago. I think perhaps it is the informality of these lectures, in addition to the subjects and speakers, that appeals to people. They are different, somehow, from the lecture one usually attends. They are more like talks, friendly gatherings of men and women and young people who are interested in the same subject and who come together to hear the message of one who knows more about it than they do, and who can tell them, in a simple, earnest way, of some truth, some unsuspected beauty or some practical fact that his own work as artist or craftsman has taught him. Up in one of our pleasant Club Rooms, on the eleventh floor, in that quiet, restful atmosphere that always clings about the open hearth, roomy settles and inviting bookshelves of a Craftsman room, these visitors of ours feel at home. They listen in comfort to the informal talk, and take part afterwards, if they feel inclined, in the general discussion of the topic—which is often ever more illuminating and helpful than the lecture itself.

The first lecture was given on May 2nd upon a subject whose importance is recognized by every student of interior decoration and every thoughtful home-maker: namely, "The Voice of the Wall and its

Message." The speaker was H. S. Quillan, an expert on color harmony.

A few days later came Mr. Gutzon Borglum, whose name and work is familiar to every reader of *THE CRAFTSMAN* and whose influence is today recognized as one of the most vital and progressive in the field of American sculpture. Mr. Borglum discussed in the Craftsman Club Room, "American Art from an Individual Viewpoint." I wish I had space to quote all that he said; it was so earnest, so quietly forceful, so convincing in its appeal for a true American form of art expression—not for American imitations of foreign classic beauty, nor for Americanized adaptations of the achievements of other ages and other lands, but for works of art that shall have been conceived in New World conditions, inspired by our own national and individual ideals, and expressed in simple, direct and unplagiarized form, in a way that will touch the hearts and minds of our own people. Phideas, Columbus, Michelangelo, Rodin—these are some of the big-souled, master workmen whom Borglum held up as world-examples. But he urged the artists and craftsmen of America not to imitate their works, but to draw inspiration from their great pioneer spirit, to develop the courage, self-confidence and sincerity that are needed for the creation of truly American art.

The next talks of the series were upon distinctly practical subjects, for the technical end of home life as well as the broader æsthetic aspects of public art receives its due consideration in the Craftsman Lecture Bureau. "The Lighting of your Home and how to Improve it," was discussed and illustrated by Mr. Lester H. Graves, who, being an illuminating engineer, was fully qualified to give the home-maker expert advice upon this important matter. "How to Increase your Comfort and Convenience in the Home," was next explained with many interesting demonstrations by Mr. Arthur W. Hartigan, electrical expert, and the talk proved a veritable lesson in housekeeping efficiency.

On the following Thursday afternoon—these lectures are usually in the afternoon, at 2.30—the Club Room was more than filled by the appreciative audience that gathered for "An Hour with S. S. McClure." In his genial, informal and whimsically humorous way, this famous editor told his amused and delighted listeners "a few personal experiences and opinions," in-

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cluding how he had "stumbled into the magazine business" and what adventures and mishaps and surprises he had encountered during his climb up the difficult ladder of success. It was a most naïve and unpretentious recital, quite winning in its colloquial and witty way; yet in spite of the apparent simplicity of its narration we were left with a sense of the man's bigness, his courage in the face of seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, his dauntless, philosophical attitude toward life.

Perhaps it was when Mr. McClure began to speak of his ideas about bringing up children—for he touched on many things—that his words grew most vital and prophetic.

"The day is not far distant," he said, "when the most important thing in the world will be regarded as the care of the health and morals and intellect of little children; when it will be considered a barbarism and a crime not to have every child born given an equal chance in every way; when each will be allowed to take fullest advantage of that particular period that by laws of compulsory education the human race sets aside for its young to be educated in schools where all the learning of the ages can be brought to their service. The time is undoubtedly coming when the children of the human race will have just as good a chance as the best stock, the highbred pigs and cows and horses on the great farms. Care and knowledge and money spent in this direction will render unnecessary the jails, hospitals, reformatories and penitentiaries. Almost every human problem can be solved if a sufficient amount of intelligence and care is given to the training of little children."

Then, turning his swiftly working mind to another equally important theme, Mr. McClure spoke of Democracy. "The great democratic fallacy," he said, "is the idea that you can get self-government if the people elect every kind of an official and if they are elected for a short time so as to be responsible frequently to the people. Self-government and good government have never been acquired in that fashion. They can only be acquired by a very simple electoral method, by the voters choosing only a board of directors, just as the members of a great corporation do. Unless people have self-government they have an autocratic government. And autocracies lead to dishonesty and inefficiency. For the last fifty years the two worst governed countries in the world have been Russia and Spain, and

the worst governed city, New York. These are examples of the results of autocracy."

"After the French Revolution," continued Mr. McClure, "the world began to think that all people were entitled to self-government. It became almost an axiom. Now, nobody is entitled to anything he cannot get for himself and is not fit for."

"The new Education of the American Boy" was the theme handled a few days later by Mr. Raymond Riordon—whose name and achievements need no introduction to CRAFTSMAN readers. The talk was an unusually interesting one, for the audience was deeply impressed by Mr. Riordon's point of view about education, and the discussion that followed proved of general value, bringing out not only many practical ways of applying the best modern educational theories, but also enlightening many listeners in regard to the new developments at the Raymond Riordon School for Boys which opens this summer up the Hudson.

Equally interesting and varied are the topics of the lectures for the last two weeks in May and the first week in June, which at the moment of sending this article to press are still before us. The dates, subjects and speakers may be listed as follows, and they will give our readers a fairly good idea of the wide scope of this Lecture Bureau:

May 19th, "The Story of the Oriental Rug," by John Wm. Jones, Oriental Traveler and Rug Collector. May 21st, "Thrilling Experiences in the Air," by Clifford B. Harmon, the famous aviator. May 23rd (11 A. M.), "Vacation Activities for Your Children," by Mary Sterling Chapman, who will suggest carpentry and star study and give demonstrations of rhythmic dancing. On the same day, at 2.30 P. M., "Hot Weather Comfort Under Foot," by Herbert Plimpton. May 26th, "Individuality in the Home" (with demonstrations), by Alvin Hunsecker. May 28th, "The Joys of Gardening Under Glass," (illustrated with slides), by L. W. C. Tuthill. June 2nd, "The Song Bird and its Place in Our Lives" (illustrated with colored slides and imitations of bird calls), by Sherman S. Powell. June 4th, "The Romance of the Log from Forest to Fireside" (illustrated with colored slides), by William Noyes, A. B., A. M., Professor of Industrial Arts, Teachers' College, N. Y. June 9th, Mr. Powell's talk on Song Birds continued. Other lectures will be announced and reported later.

BOOK REVIEWS



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THE HOLLOW-TILE HOUSE: BY FREDERICK SQUIRES

Illustrations from "The Hollow-Tile House"

THE author of this generously illustrated volume calls it "a book wherein the reader is introduced to hollow-tile in the making, is told how it is wrought into houses, and is shown how these houses look and from what foreign ancestry their appearance is an heritage." And in the preface he tells us that the history of hollow-tile "speeds along like moving pictures, and today's news is but a foundation for to-morrow's progress."

The developments in this interesting architectural field, from their beginnings up to date, are set forth in graphic fashion, and in so informal, readable, and even slightly humorous a way that the pages, while filled with facts, hold the attention not only of the professional builder, but of any one who is interested in the designing and building of practical and beautiful homes.

Neither are the photographs limited to America; a large per cent. of them show various picturesque buildings abroad—quaint old English thatch-roofed cottages and farmhouses, old German homes, Spanish and Moorish palaces, walls in Italy and Persia. These, as well as the illustrations of modern New World structures, include a wide range of materials—stucco, half-

HOUSE OF TEXTURE TILE, BUILT FOR LEWIS SQUIRES AT NETHERWOOD, N. J., AND DESIGNED BY FREDERICK SQUIRES, ARCHITECT, WHOSE NEW BOOK INCLUDES THIS AMONG THE MANY PICTURESQUE ILLUSTRATIONS.

timber, brick and stone—the durable and artistic possibilities of which Mr. Squires discusses in connection with the use of hollow-tile. For although the first tile houses were covered with stucco, the designs used today allow a much greater variety of finish.

The next chapter of the book takes up the question of construction, giving the prospective home-builder practical hints on many important points. For instance, it remarks that bids are more or less a matter of guesswork, and that the average owner "expects to get the highest guesser's quality at the lowest guesser's price." Therefore, "don't take the lowest bidder," is the moral, "but the best builder."

The digging of the foundation, the erection of the walls, the carpentry, heating, lighting and plumbing are all discussed, and there is a chapter on "counting the cost" that suggests how the owner can work out his own estimates. The architect, Mr. Squires reminds you, is not an estimator; he will be most valuable to you "in cutting your garment according to your cloth. In the matter of cost, don't try to make him work the miracle of getting your fixed desires within your fixed price. The days of miracles are past."

Especially interesting is the section of the

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book devoted to brickwork—both the hollow-tile that is covered with brick and the kind that is itself made with a textured surface and so needs no brick covering. The value of the unit and the endless combinations in which it can be used, the beauty of surface, color and design—all these points are taken up and illustrated by exceptionally lovely examples of architecture, old and new.

That the possibilities of this form of modern construction are not yet exhausted is the author's conviction, and indeed he is eager for advancement in every worthwhile phase of American architecture; for he winds up his chatty though practical discourse with the following appeal:

"We live in days of progress. Make of them days of building progress! Two million women vote! The moving picture talks! We telegraph through boundless space! Then shall we use Egyptian bricks? Shall we make Roman concrete, without steel? Shall we exhume our house plans from Pompeii? The day and generation cry for advance! They crown initiative. And if architecture and building are to reflect the spirit of these stirring times, let their dead past bury its dead and their pulsing present build monuments to progress."

Certainly this enthusiasm for originality and beauty is expressed in the author's own architectural designs.

(Published by The William T. Comstock Co., New York. 208 pages and 215 illustrations. Price \$2.50.)



A HOUSE OF UNUSUALLY INTERESTING DESIGN, THE WORK OF SQUIRES & WYNKOOP, ARCHITECTS, SHOWN IN "THE HOLLOW TILE HOUSE."

A TRAVELER AT FORTY: BY THEODORE DREISER

A "HUMANOLOGIST," Theodore Dreiser has been labeled by one of his appreciative critics, and in reading his latest book and recalling one's still vivid impressions of "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt" and "The Financier," one feels the aptness of the label—except perhaps that anything ending with "ologist" sounds a bit dry and dusty, which this author certainly is not. It is the human element flavoring these comments of a Europe-seeing American which gives them their chief interest.

The book is written in the first person and is a naïve piece of autobiography, quietly humorous, cynical yet not bitter, outspoken to the point of bluntness, but never offensive. In its pages the underworld and the "overworld" are treated with equal frankness and sympathy. The cynicism, moreover, is not precisely that of disillusionment. It is fairly cheerful—the kind that recognizes facts and states them, simply and without prejudice.

Mr. Dreiser may be forty—in years; but he is much less in spirit. There is an almost boyish enthusiasm running through the chapters, between the graver and more reflective observations. And this buoyancy carries you along with it just as the more serious comments make you pause and think. It is much more than a diary, this



AN ATTRACTIVE FIREPROOF HOUSE, THE HOME OF MRS. D. F. WENDEHACK, DESIGNED BY SQUIRES & WENDEHACK, ARCHITECTS.

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DETAIL OF HOLLOW TEXTURE-TILE CONSTRUCTION IN THE BUNGALOW OF MR. HORACE D. LYON, ENGLEWOOD, N. J., SHOWING THE BRICKLIKE SURFACE OF THIS RECENTLY DEVELOPED MATERIAL: FREDERICK SQUIRES, ARCHITECT.

record, for each scene and type and incident that come within the author's field of observation awaken some new idea or start some train of philosophical or analytical thought. Take a single instance—his remarks about an American actress he meets on the boat:

"I liked a certain snap and vigor which shot from her eyes and which I could feel represented our raw American force. . . . there is something about the American climate, its soil, rain, winds, race spirit, which produces a raw, direct incisiveness of soul in its children. They are strong, erect, elated, enthusiastic. . . . Americans are wonderful to me—American men and American women. They are rarely polished or refined. They know little of the subtleties of life—its order and procedures. But, oh, the glory of their spirit, the hope of them, the dreams of them, the desires and enthusiasm of them. That is what wins me. They give me the sense of being intensely, humanly alive."

The comparisons of European and American people, their customs and mannerisms, their ways of living, are all set down in homely yet graphic fashion, and the very fact that the book is written with such simplicity and lack of affectation only makes it the more real. Mr. Glackens' characteristic illustrations are quite in keeping with the text and add to the general atmosphere. (Published by The Century Company, New York. 526 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$1.80 net; postage, 14 cents.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART: BY EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS

SCULPTURE, painting, music and poetry, their meaning and their relation to one another, form the basis of consideration in this book entitled, "The Philosophy of Art." Its defined purpose is to do away with the idea held somewhat generally that art is a luxury to be indulged in only after the serious things of life have been gained; that it must of necessity teach a moral lesson or else that it is to be encouraged for technique, "for art's sake."

The author reveals rather: "What art is, how it comes out of the life of man, and what specific function each of the great ideals of art fulfils in relation to the human spirit. Beauty," he adds, "is the most useful thing we know: art is for life's sake."

What is art, what does art do to the artist who creates, what does art do to the student who appreciates—these are among the questions the book answers.

The proposition is maintained that it is not so much the work of art that the public should interpret as the real spirit of the artist developed through his work. This book, in fact, challenges the mind of the reader to probe more deeply, to think more soundly on the importance of art in his life than he has perhaps done heretofore. The list of books given at the back of the volume is for the purpose of suggesting to students works which bear directly on the problems considered in relation to the subject. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 347 pages. Price, \$1.50 net.)

A PRACTICAL BOOK OF GARDEN ARCHITECTURE: BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS

IT has been said by some sage of the hour that in order to get lasting satisfaction out of any undertaking it is necessary to know more about its achievement than did those to whom its development was entrusted. With no work is this saying more closely identified than with the building of a garden, since herein lies so great a scope for individual taste and executive ability. To know what one desires in the way of a garden and to know the best methods of securing it are the real elements underlying the success of almost every beautiful garden in this country.

The "Practical Book of Garden Architecture" should prove, therefore, a very

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great assistance to all who would build or direct the building of a garden. This is true fundamentally because the book takes up in a most practical way many of the important phases of garden study, those of which the lay mind is generally ignorant. Among its chapters are: Types of Gardens and Gateways; Walk Paving; Terrace Walls and Their Treatment; Natural and Artificial Lakes; Water Towers and Garden Dams; Novel Spring Houses; Appropriate Bridges; Attractive Garden Stairways, and others which give some idea of the vital importance of this work. Furthermore these subjects are treated in a naturalistic, free-hand way that thoroughly arouses the reader to look about and to find out the best means for embellishing his home surroundings.

So many types of garden features are described clearly that working suggestions can be gleaned from each, and if desired, with the combined aid of the illustrations, they could be duplicated on either the same scale or on one considerably smaller. The reliability of the engineering problems that have been presented are fully vouched for by dependable men, and the book throughout presents much assistance on the truly difficult points of garden embellishment.

The scenes portrayed in the greater number of illustrations are in the vicinity of Pennsylvania. In its interpretations, however, the book is not at all local as it gives examples of garden art ranging from California to Maine. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Illustrated. 329 pages. Price \$5.00 net.)

THE COMMUTER'S GARDEN: EDITED BY W. B. HAYWARD

THE Commuter and his wife will welcome this compact little book, which is so practical and so readable in its presentation of a delightful but sometimes bewildering subject. Not only do the chapters contain advice on gardens, the care of lawns, the pruning of shrubs and vines, and farming on a small scale, but, as the publishers state, they try to "anticipate and answer the various questions certain to come up to perplex the city man who has just taken a place in the suburbs," a fact that should make the work especially helpful to the amateur.

Another useful feature of the book is that it follows the seasons, starting with

the garden's needs in winter and early spring, when the strawberry patches need putting into condition, the shrubs and grapevines need pruning, the chicken houses need repairing and the garden must be planned. Then comes the handling of bulbs, the building of hot beds and cold frames, the setting out of trees and planting of vegetables. Farther on one finds hints upon the buying of plants and flowers, and the extermination of pests, as well as chicken-breeding and bee-keeping. There are also a few suggestions on what *not* to do, which may save the over-enthusiastic gardener needless trouble. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 219 pages. 16 illustrations. Price \$1.00 net. Postage extra.)

THE ELECTRICAL BLUE BOOK

THE Buyers' Guide of Electrical Material is a subtitle that explains tersely the purpose of this book. Buyers of electrical material can through a consultation of its pages make their purchases with as little expenditure of time and effort as possible, also with safety since an exhaustive knowledge of the rules respecting electrical installations has forbidden any materials to be recommended that have not been approved by the National Electrical Code. Descriptions and illustrations of such devices as buyers are apt to require add greatly to the value of this book. (Published by the Electrical Review Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill. Illustrated. 227 pages. Seventh Edition. To be distributed on receipt of 25 cents to cover the cost of delivery.)

A KINGDOM OF TWO: BY HELEN R. ALBEE

A TRUE Romance of Country Life is the subtitle of this book dealing with the delights, the occupations and the inspirations which repose under the wings of Nature. Almost it might be called a rhapsody on the magic that lies in the daily happenings of the life of those individuals who have the eyes and the heart to understand. The pleasing manner in which the book is written and the many naïve comments throughout its pages recommend it as of interest for the library table or the covered porch of the country home, wherever, in fact, it can be read in relation to

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days of work or quietude in the open country. (Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 322 pages. Price, \$1.50 net.)

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN SPAIN: BY G. E. STREET: EDITED BY GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

ARCHITECTS, students and travelers who are interested in the technical and historic aspects of Gothic architecture in Spain will find a fund of detailed information and comment in the two volumes just published under the above title.

The work is apparently very comprehensive and up-to-date, and both author and editor deserve praise for the amount of painstaking effort that the closely filled pages must have entailed. The illustrations of Spanish cathedrals and details of their construction and decoration add considerably to the interest as well as to the practical value of the carefully written text.

(Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, and J. N. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto. Volume 1, 356 pages, volume 2, 335 pages. Price, \$2.00 net per set.)

SUSETTE: BY DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

THE dialogue of "Susette" is interesting; its scenes and happenings entirely out of the ordinary in conception. It bespeaks the world, also an apartness from the world in which romance finds a sporting ground. It is not to be wondered at that the author is a protégé of William J. Locke, for in his writing one traces somewhat the same qualities that Mr. Locke possesses in masterlike abundance. On the whole "Susette" is a story for the idle hour, for the day when one wishes to forget the present in the romance of another life and setting. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 333 pages. Price, \$1.25 net.)

THE Architects' Directory and Specification Index for 1913 and 1914, recently published, has been received by THE CRAFTSMAN. In all matters pertaining to the architects of the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico and insular possessions, it is very satisfactory in its information. Landscape and naval architects of the United States and Canada, archi-

tectural societies and organizations of the world and a specification index of building materials and their manufacturers are among the particular items of information that are herein classified and made readily available. (Published by William T. Comstock Company, New York. 204 pages. Price \$3.00.)

HOME: AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

THE anonymous novel "Home," which aroused among readers of many classes a deep discussion, has had, it would seem, its full share of notoriety and of angry comment. To take the book more simply, more exclusively for its dominant sentiment, would perhaps be wiser. For the theme that "Home is the anchor of a man's soul," runs throughout the pages like a silver thread. To "Maple House," which is always waiting, *Lansings* and *Waynes* alike returned, scarred in spirit, with beating, restless hearts, yet confident of the silent sympathy of the old house; of its ability to reestablish pride in its men, chastity in its women.

"If you are very, very still for a long time you can hear the old house breathe, and then you know that in every closet and in every corner it has hidden away a beating heart."

The story is interesting in its following of the different members of the family as from the home they go out into the world hither and yonder. It is the argument of the Roman Catholic priest in counseling *Gerry* that aroused for this book the adverse criticism of the Church, believing that its principles had been misrepresented. The reader not shocked by this bit of unorthodoxy will find the book without blame; a bit lacking in unity, but over the average in holding power. (Published by the Century Company, New York. 337 pages. Price, \$1.30 net; postage 10 cents.)

MOTLEY MEASURES: BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

THIS small book represents a collection of poems which appeared first in the Chicago Tribune and to which others have been added. The original audience for which the greater number of them were written is therefore a reason for their somewhat local and colloquial coloring. (Published by Laurentian Publishers, Chicago. 124 pages. Price 75 cents, net.)





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JACOB RIIS — A FRIEND
OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.